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NARRATIVE OF EVENTS

IN

VIENNA,

FROM LATOUR TO WINDISCHGRÄTZ.

(SEPTEMBER TO NOVEMBER, 1848.)

BY

BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

TRANSLATED BY

JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION AND APPENDIX.

LONDON:
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INTRODUCTION

TO THE ENGLISH EDITION.

THE events recorded in the following pages form but one link in the history of our times; the Vienna Revolution of October was the result of a law of political necessity,—premonitory in its causes, irresistible in its progress, fatal in its results; the suppression of the Revolution, and the return to the tyranny of armed force, was as inevitable a consequence of the incapacity, want of foresight and co-operation among the leaders of the movement, as the Revolution itself was the necessary result of the intrigues and perfidy of the Camarilla. Mr. Auerbach has rendered good service to history, in having put on record his personal observation of these events;

and with a view to elucidate in some degree the present by the past, and to complete further the chapter in history from which he has given this episode, I have prefixed to this translation of his Journal a summary review of the political changes which preceded the Revolution in October, and the causes which led, by sure and inevitable steps, to that crisis. For this Introduction I am indebted to the kindness of a friend, whose statements and opinions are equally entitled to credit and respect.

J. E. T.

THE Revolution which broke out in Vienna in the month of October 1848, and of which Berthold Auerbach has given a description in the following pages, as the events, day by day, seemed to him worthy of record, was a crisis and nothing else. It was the completion of a series of ideal, unpractical disturbances, the realization of the dreamy notions which took possession of the Viennese in

March, and rendered it abundantly clear to every thinking man, that German Austria had yet a long apprenticeship to serve, before she could comprehend the meaning of constitutional freedom.

The period here described, so rich in illusions and folly, so poor in true statesmanship and power, —would we were not compelled to add, so deeply stained with civil blood!—commences with the fall of Metternich; it ends with the triumph of Windischgrätz: it conducts us step by step from the absolutist rule of the police, to the despotism of the soldiery. The circumstances of the preceding year were full of great results, which necessarily called off the attention of the English public from the changes that were taking place in Austria. This renders it desirable to give a slight sketch of the events which followed one another with strange rapidity in Vienna, from March to September. It will serve as an introduction (and in some respects also an explanation) to the Journal of Auerbach. He is a German and a poet; and on these very grounds he is perhaps better qualified than any one else to describe the

peror, and a prince infamous for duplicity and falsehood. It was as well known that her son, Francis Joseph, now Emperor of Austria, had been confided to the care of Count Bombelles, an active patron of the Jesuits, and that his education had been exclusively conducted under such auspices. On every side there was confusion. There was nothing but fear for the present,—for the future there was no hope.

The systematic plan of Prince Metternich was the destruction of all intellectual progress; he had rendered it well nigh impossible that any distinguished talent should develope itself. Under his government, the Austrian Aristocracy had become entirely contemptible in the eyes of the people: loaded with debt, remarkable only for hauteur, profligacy and frivolity, they had ceased to possess the semblance, as they had long ceased to wield the reality, of power. The higher class of the *bourgeoisie* were striving to outshine even the aristocracy themselves in extravagant expenditure, and to rival in luxury and folly those whose pride of birth con-

temned them: 'Purse of the Purse' was arrayed against 'Cream of the Cream.' There was no middle class, sound in feeling, strong in common-sense, to save alike the higher and the lower classes from ruin. And all this while the great mass of the people were attempting to soothe down to themselves the painful consciousness of failing business and diminished comfort, by crowding to listen to the music of Strauss's waltzes, and the obscene entertainments of the Leopoldstadt suburb theatre, or by drowning sorrow and care in draughts of Hungarian wine, and the sottishness which springs from Bavarian beer. The outward signs of prosperity and ease, which seduced so many tourists and mere superficial observers, were miserable veils that covered rottenness and ruin. Such circumstances render revolutions inevitable, and inevitably secure their failure.

In Hungary alone still beat a hearty life. The Aristocracy there—with the exception of a few Court functionaries, and some others who in the capitals of Europe had forgotten both their national honour and their national tongue,—were fully alive to the

dignity of their position, its duties, and the importance of their political functions. Men of distinguished personal character stood at the head of the various parties. The Diet, and the municipal institutions, which in spite of every effort on the part of Austria, still keep alive the spirit and practice of self-government in Hungary, ever nourished in the people the love of freedom, and the sense to uphold the means by which it is best secured. But at the same time this only deepened the abyss by which Hungary was separated from the other provinces of the Empire. At this period the deepest insult you could have offered an Hungarian was to call him an Austrian; and Metternich, who dreaded the influence of Hungary on Austria herself, nourished and entertained this hatred; by means of his censorship and his salaried newspaper writers, he rendered vain any attempt at a mutual understanding; and in Hungary itself he excited nationality against nationality, creed against creed, the interests of the towns against the interests of the country. He knew not how to govern a strong nation, and therefore at-

tempted to suppress the development of all intellectual and moral power, that he might rule a weak one in his own despotic fashion.

Such was the condition of the Austrian Monarchy at the moment when the news of the French revolution still further convulsed and shook the dispositions of men. The time for great changes seemed to be come. As early as the 4th of March, Kossuth in a brilliant speech brought forward in the Diet a motion of which he had previously given notice,—"that in order to secure the Magyar Constitution, eternally threatened by the despotic system pursued in the other provinces, it was essential that constitutional forms should be established in the other parts of the Monarchy; and thus that the whole legal *status* should be restored, in which Hungary found itself at that period when, by free election of the Diet, the Hungarian crown was transferred to the House of Hapsburg." The lower House passed this resolution without one dissentient voice, and a few days later decreed with the same unanimity the suppression of all feudal burthens. The upper

House, in which the Ministry had a majority, although a very weak one, suspended its sittings. In the Vienna Ministry it was determined to dissolve the Diet, and to have recourse to military despotism. But Kossuth's speech, copies of which in spite of the Vienna police were circulated by thousands and thousands in that city, acted like an electric shock.

On the 13th of March the whole population of Vienna, with the students at their head, passed in procession before the House of Assembly and the State-Chancery. They demanded aloud, freedom of the Press and constitutional guarantees: a student, with thundering tones and amidst universal applause, read Kossuth's speech under the very windows of Prince Metternich. The Archduke Albert, military Commandant in Vienna, called out the troops, and ordered them to fire upon the people, who had turned out, unarmed and in their holiday-dresses, as if to a festival. His orders were executed in part: but despite the narrowness of the street, the dense masses of the people and the little distance between themselves and the soldiery, *one* student

only fell, and about a dozen were wounded: the soldiery had fired in the air.

The bitterness increased: the Ministry became alarmed. Metternich proposed to declare the city under martial law, and to place the command in the hands of Prince Windischgrätz. For the first time in his life he found his advice treated with neglect: it was decided that attention should be paid to the demands of the people. The next day was consumed in cabinet councils, and long discussions as to what really was to be done; when in the afternoon it was suddenly announced that the steamboat had brought Kossuth, Count Batthyany, and the greater part of the Hungarian Diet, from Presburg, to demand the appointment of an independent Ministry for Hungary. The population of Vienna turned out to meet them with shouts of jubilation; the demands of the people became more and more pressing: Prince Metternich, Count Sedlnitzky the detested chief of the police, and Czapka the mayor or burgomaster of Vienna, were obliged to provide for their personal safety by flight: the Court was no longer capable of

resistance, and gave way. The independent Ministry for Hungary was granted: the Viennese received the promise of a Constitution; the Press was declared free, the National Guard established and armed: and among these the Academic Legion, full four thousand strong, soon obtained the greatest influence.

Everything had been promised in the hour of peril; but with the secret determination that as few of the promises as possible should be kept. The reactionary party counted, and with great justice, on the unpractical spirit of the people, who continued their shouts of triumph even when, in defiance of the promised Constitution, they saw all the old absolutist ministers and officials retained in their places, with the exception of Metternich, who was replaced by his friend Ficquelmont. In April however, when a very illiberal law for the regulation of the Press was promulgated, and when every one saw that the public affairs were carried on in precisely the old way, though under new names, dissatisfaction again broke out, and showed itself in the schoolboy

fashion ot *charivaris* in the public streets. One by one all the Ministers found it necessary to retire, and make room for new men. But as in Austria the popular cause had neither tried leaders, popular names, nor well-known statesmen round whom to rally in the hour of need, the universal mistrust remained as active against the new Ministry,—men ready enough to purchase popularity by continual concessions, but who had not the skill to steer the vessel of State, between the Scylla of an absolutist Court Camarilla, and the Charybdis of popular anarchy. Such and no more were the men of the new list: the noble idealist Baron Pillersdorf, Baron Wessenberg sinking under years and infirmity, Baron Dobblhof, as goodnatured as he was weak, Hornbostel a mere political cypher, and Baron Somma Ruga, a liberal bureaucrat who could not see his way at all in the altered circumstances of the time.

At last came forth the Constitution so warmly yearned for,—a very masterpiece of unpractical, German, routine cleverness, with a complicated plan of the electoral franchise, and a still more complicated

working mechanism, devised for the sole purpose of redressing the balance between the two Houses of Parliament and the Crown. Not a man was satisfied; and the less so, because during the progress of these events, the movement in favour of National Unity had obtained strength in Germany, and carried away the Viennese like a vertigo. Every body began to wear black, red and gold ribbons, the symbol of German union: the Emperor himself caused these colours to be hoisted over his own palace at Schönbrunn; and throughout the whole of German Austria, amidst cries of joy, were elected the Deputies to the Imperial Parliament at Frankfort, which was to meet in one, not in two chambers. On this very account, the idealists saw nothing but a stone of offence in the system of two chambers. The young people, all intoxicated with this idea of German unity, took the lead in this movement, and found hearty support in the 'Slavonic party,' which was extremely active in Vienna. The members of this party saw clearly enough that in a single chamber they would always be able to command a majority,

while in a House of Peers the majority would practically be always composed of Germans. On the 15th of May, the Academic Legion and the whole National Guard, amounting altogether to a force of 60,000 men, turned out, marched on the Burg, and demanded the abrogation of the Constitution, and the convocation of a Constituent Assembly. Their demands were acceded to, but in the following night the Imperial family fled to Innspruck; and to an earnest request that they would return, replied that this would not be the case, until the dissolution of the Academic Legion, and a complete remodelling of the National Guard, offered more trustworthy security than had yet existed for the future maintenance of order.

Pillersdorf would gladly have placed affairs on this footing; but when on the 26th of May he set about the management of these points, in a thoroughly clumsy manner, innumerable barricades were at once thrown up in every part of Vienna. It was in vain that the Minister disavowed his own order; that there really was no enemy for the people to defend

themselves against. The "Day of the Barricades" had a twofold result. On one hand the National Guard proceeded to organize their Committee,—which, under the name of "Committee for guarding Constitutional rights," had for some time occupied itself with the merest trifles,—as an effective control over the Ministry, and this Committee very soon usurped the management of all the communal affairs of the city. On the other hand, the Court, alarmed at these occurrences, spared no pains to win over the soldiery, seeing clearly that by their aid alone could the previous power of the Court be restored. From this moment must be dated the peculiar favour for Ban Jellachich. It was very well known that, if arms were ultimately to be appealed to, it would be absolutely necessary to lend a national colour to the struggle. Only under the mask of upholding violated national rights in Croatia, could a military reaction be introduced into Hungary: and as long as a really constitutional life beat in Hungary, it was impossible thoroughly to put down the yearnings after freedom in Vienna.

At last the Austrian Diet met. Unhappily all the leaders who had hitherto made themselves in any way remarkable,—Professor Hye, Endlicher, Count Montecuculi, Dr. Giskra and Dr. Schütte, Dr. Fischhof, Dr. Goldmark, and the Catholic priest Professor Füster, were, without an exception, men totally devoid of statesmanlike views,—a set of doctrinaire theorists, or noble idealists, without practical sense; while Schütte and Füster were a pair of agitators on speculation.

Such people as these, with all their powers united, could do nothing to reconstruct the shattered state of Austria. Most of them were elected either to the Central Parliament at Frankfort, or the Austrian one at Vienna: amongst all the members of this last body, it was soon obvious that there were to be found at the outside two or three speakers, but no one statesman. In the meanwhile the Court had, from its retreat at Innspruck, secured the adherence of the army; and in the three Ministers, Latour for War, Kraus for Finance, Bach for Justice, organized the nucleus of a Government, prepared for any *coup*

d'état by which the influence of the Camarilla might be restored, without the slightest regard either to the promises they had made, the disposition of the people, or the hostile majority in the Diet. Latour, a veteran soldier, and Kraus, a bureaucrat grown grey in official routine, had long been used to execute the wishes of the Court with blind obedience. Bach was an apostate from the popular cause: a revolutionist in March, a republican in May, always and everywhere a proclaimed democrat, he learned in the earliest sittings of the Vienna Diet to take his place upon the Ministerial bench, and thence, with smiling lips and the readiness of a practised special-pleader, to propose and defend every measure of reaction, to attack every principle, by the former advocacy of which he had attained to power. Not of less importance than these three was the Count Stadion, formerly Governor of Trieste, then of Galicia, and now a member of the Vienna Diet: although a bad speaker, he was a man of talents, a liberal absolutist, full of ideas of centralization: he had been brought up all his life in the

midst of official routine, and was consequently a bitter enemy to self-government: in short he could not comprehend any government save by boards and bureaux. But Stadion was a man of character, and on this very account the Archduchess Sophia detested him from the very bottom of her soul: her objects were such as required pliable instruments, not men of principle.

When at last Radetzky had given a more favourable turn to the events of the Italian war, the Court went back to Vienna, and the game of intrigue began. The Minister Dobblhof was made to use his influence in resisting a parcel of trifling street disturbances: Schwartzer, another Minister, was dismissed: this man, who had been a venal journalist, ready to do anything for money, had fallen so deeply in the public estimation, that he was no longer of any use to the Court; and the Court personally disliked him, for his presence was a continual memento of the Revolution. At last the mask was suffered to drop entirely: the Court party did not indeed dare openly to break with the Hungarian Ministry; but

Baron Jellachich received secret orders to march his army into Hungary. The people of Vienna felt that their own city, and not Pesth, was the real object of Jellachich: the intercepted letters of the Croatian officers, which the Hungarian Ministry caused to be published, proved that Jellachich was acting in concert with the Court and the Vienna Ministry. This was the exact condition of Vienna at the period when Berthold Auerbach reached it. The subsequent events we shall now leave to the description of himself, and of another eye-witness of the facts, who has obligingly furnished us with illustrative details, which have not yet been published in Germany, and whose authenticity we can guarantee.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

PLACED as I have been in the midst of a great historical movement, I feel called upon to lay before the world a faithful record of events as they presented themselves, and of the impressions to which they gave rise. I confess that it is not from inclination, but solely from a sense of duty, that I quit my accustomed path, to write a direct and personal narrative of the scenes I have witnessed. Who can have been blind to the truth, that the most plain and incontestable facts of the present period are either purposely kept from public view or perverted, so as utterly to falsify history? To suppress the testimony to the truth

yielded by observation and experience, is to become a participator in this crime. For the same reason I have abstained from lending any embellishment or colouring to my relation of these events. Art may hereafter appropriate her own share of the history of the period. First of all, and above all in importance, is the duty of depicting the plain truth, without adding more than the simple form which History itself offers.

The confusion and temporary defeat of the noble efforts which have been made for national freedom, are mainly attributable to the fact that the people were abandoned to the misguidance of men of inexperience and unworthy character: but the time is come when the bold arrogance which fortifies itself behind an array of bayonets, must be confronted by those who, when the cry of passionate excitement alone was heard, were unable to command attention or authority. In the description of all

the scenes here narrated I have preserved the individual point of view, being convinced that the truth may best be disclosed by giving the result of such personal observation.

The description of my journey into Styria, in September, may serve in some measure as a key to the following occurrences. I could not refrain from introducing occasional reflections, as they were called forth by events; the intelligent Reader will readily carry out and enlarge the suggestions here offered. To have attempted in any degree to treat these subjects fully and satisfactorily, would have obliged me to write a large work: what I have here given is simply a contribution to the history of the times.

BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

December, 1848.

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A JOURNAL.

On the 12th of September, at noon, I started from Breslau. On the very frontier a feeling of home came over me: in Austria the people drink out of open flasks, and draw wine from the cask, instead of pouring it out of corked bottles as in North Germany. This seems to me typical of the difference likewise in mental enjoyment: in the North men's ideas are as it were bottled and corked up. I asked a comfortable-looking Viennese, who sat opposite to me at table, if the wine was good—he handed me his glass "to taste." And this again called up my home feelings: these easy and social manners are scarcely

possible in North Germany. The good man I speak of had been with his wife on a journey of pleasure to Berlin, and they had everywhere the luck to fall into disturbances. An interesting and comical picture of character, a genuine comedy, might be written, and called "the Rioter against his will, or the puppet on the barricade." Wherever the poor man turned, there was a row, a riot, and he was forced to assist in eating the broth which he had no hand in cooking. But the convulsions of the recent movement vibrate too strongly in the frame, all is too bitter, doubtful and serious, to allow us to sketch with a firm hand a picture of the present. These daily recurring spasms have wearied many into a longing for peace and quiet, at any sacrifice. Men who have been cradled in the lap of peace, have now, when the war has broken out, far too delicate and sensitive nerves for the crisis; all this tumult and strife is insufferable to them.

The world is now in the act of removing,—no longer at home in the old house, and not yet settled in a new one. Those alone, who long have felt the

best sympathies of their hearts homeless in their native land, and who have been taunted with living in dreamy visions and castles in the air—now hail this movement with the welcome of hope, and rejoice while fate still trembles on the beam. But above all men require strong nerves and a firm trust in their own powers, to carry them through the great revolutions of our days with a steady heart.

At the railroad-station before the last a band of music was standing on the platform, playing waltz-tunes. The music filled up the pauses in the movements of the locomotives. Austria—merry, jovial as ever!

The peaches and fine bunches of grapes, which were offered us, showed that we were come into the rich harvest of a favoured land. A body of the Academic Legion were on guard at the station: their well-known songs resounded from the guard-house, and faces full of life and spirits beamed under the Calabrian caps and waving plumes. Joyous youths, yours is a happy lot! Whilst we in former days had to expiate our longing efforts for German

unity in prison, you bear the banner openly and freely, and have gained the highest dignity of man, the right of bearing arms. No longer will ye breathe out the deepest aspirations of your hearts in secret associations, contract the bond of brotherhood in conspiracy, and see your powers waste away in imprisonment: you enter upon life fearless and free, and should ever the struggle be renewed, and tyranny again insidiously raise its head, you will fight the battle of freedom in the ranks of a united nation.

Like the soldier in the story, who, standing on the ramparts at Strasburg, hears the echoes of the Alp-horn, so the spirit standing on the watch catches the echo of old sounds, and swims easily across the tumultuous stream of years to the distant shore of youth from whence it started.

Despite the hurly-burly and tumult of our days, one's heart rejoices to have lived through these times. The glimmering dreams of our youth have grown into noonday forms of reality. Yet even now a hankering after separate sovereignty springs up afresh; we must carry through the work, and esta-

blish a real and perfect unity, for in this lies freedom. Now or never.

On entering Vienna I felt quite as if coming to a city that was my home. The impressions of youth have no doubt a certain share in producing this feeling. I was not born at the period when my native village in the Black Forest belonged to Austria, but when a child I heard speak much of the Emperor Joseph and Maria Theresa. The tide of travelling among the journeymen (*Wanderschaft*) in South Germany follows the course of the Danube, which rises in our country, toward Vienna. Numbers of artizans in my village had "been up to Vienna," and had much to tell of what they had seen. Had the old Austrian Government adopted a wise policy, it might easily have directed the tide of *emigration* from South Germany along the Danube; but Austria offered neither freedom nor protection, and America became the asylum.

In the hotel I met my brave friend Schuselka. This man, who was hunted and persecuted under the old regime, is now one of the few who, endowed

with enlarged views, and a penetrating insight into political life, have been singled out and regarded as the regenerators of Austria. Any man who looks deeply into the present, any one to whom it shall hereafter fall to record its history, cannot but see clearly that the large majority of those who, previous to the spring of last year (1848) struggled and suffered for the freedom and greatness of their country, do not at the present time belong to the Ultras. Nor does this arise alone from a certain habit of deference and respect for the existing relations of society, nor from a regard to the censorship of public opinion, which has led these men to be contented to save a moiety of thought and consistency, and in consequence has made them unable to retain the full expression of their mind. There are doubtless natures that have been withered by the effects of thraldom, which now satisfy themselves with contriving plans for a reconstruction of the German federation in a popular form. It is mistaken piety in the people to expect life and action from such relics. But men like Gagern,

Römer, H. Simon, and others, are attached to the moderate party, only because they know the power of the present popular spirit to endure, and strive to render it justice. Who does not see that a new æra demands new men,—not laggards, but men of active energy and progress? The liberals of the times just past are, compared to the ultras, frequently like the mother in Solomon's judgement,—they have borne the child of a new epoch, and would see it live, and not be dismembered.

In my first walk out I found the city full of life and animation; the people were promenading gaily on the fine granite pavement, with its well-cut and compact blocks. An acquaintance whom I met expressed his regret that I had not come earlier; adding, that the gaiety of old Vienna was no longer to be found. Thousands of men there are who stoop continually to pick up and retail a hackneyed expression; in all likelihood I shall hear this trite remark about old Vienna repeated again and again, no one considering that every one else will utter those selfsame words. Were men to speak only

from their own proper and individual convictions, ordinary conversation, as it is called, would drop altogether, but life would gain in fullness and variety. Who does not prefer Vienna at the present day to the old city, with her police spies and her Prater-drives? The healthy gaiety of a people is not destroyed by care for the common weal—it receives but a higher direction. When once we have got beyond negation and opposition, a future will open before the people full of new and unexpected beauty. The stillness of Passion-week is not yet past, but Easter will come, and, to use the words of Münchausen, the tones which are now frozen in the air will thaw, and give out a joyous sound.

The cities have now become gigantic books,—the corners are the single pages. The coming generation will receive all this, as they will railroads and the like, as things familiar to them, and will scarce be able to comprehend the time and labour which the efforts must have cost to effect such changes.

A large placard was stuck up conspicuously at the corners of the streets, headed, "Fellow-Citizens,"

and signed by all the Ministers. It related to a company of stockbrokers, in whose favour a tumult had arisen: tranquillity was now promised.

The first "sight" which I saw was the statue of the Emperor Joseph: this is the noblest monument in Vienna. The Emperor, disguised in the old Roman costume, holds the black, red and gold banner in his right hand, and on his left is the entrance to the Hall where the Deputies from the motley states of Austria assemble. One of the idlest common-place phrases is—"What would a Joseph or a Frederick II. be in our time?" These men were the last who shed a glory upon princely power,—created for the history of their own times, and for no other. Not in vain was it that those princes circled their brows with the glory of humanity—Joseph especially; nor is it in vain that the thrones are now filled by caricatures. The Deity knows his own purposes and ways.

The Assembly of the States made a strange impression upon me. There is here no trace of the free dramatic life which is found in other representative assemblies,—interpellation, rejoinder, and the

like. All goes on its measured course. There is something almost comical in the applause, which, proceeding from the Hall, is of course echoed electrically in the galleries.

We who live out of the kingdom hardly know what strange cousins we have in Austria. There sit the Ruthenian and Wallachian peasants*, in their odd-looking, heavy dresses,—amongst them, men of noble figure, and with features full of expression. Observe one of them when he rises from his seat, and walks down the carpeted stairs,—mark how circumspectly, with what anxious care he steps, with his tall boots, holding to the balusters now on this side, now on that: it is plain at a glance that the good man is not yet at home here in his popular assembly, and moreover that he is not one to tire the meeting with prosy speeches and opposition. A strange medley of peoples is this—differing so widely in cultivation of mind and pursuits in life! We must not however forget, that in many a nation com-

* [The German Peasants are owners of small holdings of land, varying from about one to twenty acres.—TRANSL.]

prising but a single stem, grades of cultivation no less curious are often found.

At the first survey of this Assembly, which is unique in history, our view enlarges: we learn to reflect how mighty a task is committed to us Germans,—the extension of civilization and freedom toward the East. The question readily forces itself upon us—Must it then be so? is one house too narrow for all the members of the family, and must a queen-bee go forth with an independent swarm? Are we to dismiss our German brethren in Austria, because they have a task of their own, and do we not require them, and they us? Because these motley nations cannot stand alone, are we therefore obliged to separate from our fellow-countrymen, or even justified in doing so?

The debates today are said to have been very important. The "Verein deutscher Vertrauensmänner" (Club of Trusty Germans) in Bohemia petitions that the election for the Francfort Parliament, hitherto postponed, should take place. Several of the Deputies laughed,—I was told they were Czechs.

A credit of two million florins was then voted to the city of Vienna, by advances without interest. In the debate which ensued it was argued, that Vienna had made, and is making, great sacrifices, not for herself alone, but for the whole State.

In reply to a question previously put by Goldmark, Latour stated that the mediation of England and France in the affairs of Italy was accepted, but that the papers relating to this negotiation could not be laid before the Diet. Goldmark protested energetically against withholding the papers, insisting that the Diet ought to be made acquainted with the acts of the Ministry. The President Strobach then closed the debate.

Upon a question relative to the Swoboda Club (to which the riot yesterday and the placard today refer), the Minister of Trade, Hornbostl, declared that the Ministry could not undertake to be responsible for the rash acts of a private man, but that they would adopt every possible means of ameliorating the state of trade. The Deputy Strasser made a long and tiresome speech, in which he flew into a passion, because the

Diet had not expressed their jubilant sympathy with the victorious army in Italy. Borkowski, Violand, Füster and Borrosch spoke at some length, and at times with enthusiasm, on the difference between rendering honour to mere military fame and to the higher glory of civilization.

Latour now stepped forward with a slip of paper in his hand, and announced that he had just received intelligence that revolutionary intrigues were going on; that a meeting had been held in the Aula, and the Academic Legion intended to disperse the Diet and overthrow the Ministry. Troops had been demanded by the Commander of the National Guards: these were already marched out, but would refrain from acting as long as possible. On the proposition of Löhner, the Assembly declared its sitting permanent. Some of the Deputies went out, to ascertain the state of things. The Minister of Justice, Bach, declared against the permanence of the Diet, as this would interfere with the Executive.

I also went out. A large number of armed men were moving toward the Square "am Hofe," many

of them bearing a printed slip of paper on their hat, parading the ludicrous demand for the re-establishment of the Committee of Safety which had existed during the revolution, notwithstanding that the Diet was actually sitting. The troops and armed crowds of people stood face to face in the square, but in the end they dispersed peaceably. There seemed to be a division in the National Guard, one party openly "sympathizing with the Aula."

In the evening Borrosch, Schuselka and Violand spoke in a pacifying tone in the Aula. I went there, but arrived too late. A report from the Diet says that all is smoothed and set straight.

There was a great excitement in the city till late at night: it was said that an excuse was sought to dissolve the Academic Legion. The greatest sympathy was everywhere manifested for the latter; the women, and especially the workmen, spoke almost with tears in their eyes of the calumnies heaped upon the students.

September 14*th.*

On every side are heaps of combustibles, and close at

hand the lighted match. There is a conflict of the most various opinions. Certain members of the Ministry are evidently unpopular, but the Czechs have a majority in the Diet, and there is a deep meaning in what Rieger, one of the Czechish leaders openly said in the Diet a few days ago: "The empire of Austria exists only as long as the Slavonians will that it should." The conflict of nationality and that for freedom are strangely confused. It is declared both in print and in common talk, that the weak Ministry want to excite a riot, to justify their employment of energetic measures. On the other hand it is difficult to understand the demeanour of the Aula. The radical press speaks in so irritable a tone, that it does not appear to aim at conciliation. One journal, the "Constitution" goes the length of declaring that the Ministry ought, for the sake of public tranquillity, to have taken upon itself the private affairs of a swindling stockbroker. The same paper holds such language as this:—"Upon the corpse of the people's plaything *Nationality* must eventually be planted the victorious standard of an

all-comprehensive cosmopolitan union." Fine language this, and great thoughts!

In the sitting of the Diet today, it came out in the course of debate, that the requisition which the Minister of War yesterday received was anonymous. Latour maintained that an officer who delivered it had cut off the name, in order to compromise no one. This is a bad story.

In the evening I went to the "Burg" theatre, and saw the piece "Treue Liebe," by Edward Devrient, in which the plot chiefly turns on the incident of some persons always going out of one door, and the rest out of another: they must never meet. A certain homely, hearty tone, reminding one of Iffland, pervades this piece; but as a whole it relies mainly on the actors' parts, and this it is that keeps it on the stage. During the period of general enervation, and the feverish excitement caused by single individuals, pieces were written for the stage in which action rapidly followed action, and incidents were crowded one upon another. Dramatic art became a race with difficulties. The

stagnation in active life seemed to be balanced by and contrasted with a bold and energetic stretch of invention. Through five acts charge upon charge was rammed down, until at last a loud report followed and the barrel burst. It is not improbable that now, when all abroad is in agitation, lyrical still-life upon the stage may unfold in poetry. Precisely now, when individual life with its little accidents and destinies sinks in the general storm, Poetry may perhaps receive and take it to herself. In such a period of excitement there are treasures in the depths of the mind which may be explored and worked. Who could invent such scenes and effects as are witnessed abroad in the open streets in living reality?

In the performance at the theatre I was particularly pleased with the admirable delivery of the actors. Declamation is to be met with everywhere, but I never heard such good speaking as here in the Burg. The phrasing of the words, the pure and full euphony, have something that does one good to hear. Now that the German language first begins to ac-

quire a true living character, and rises from printed and written words to oral expression, men will discover that good speaking, musically and colloquially, must form a necessary part of education. The time that is wasted in youth in dilettante rattling over the keys of the pianoforte will be much more profitably spent in this study.

The next day I saw Schönbrunn, where the Emperor resides, guarded by troops of the line and Burgher Guards, here called "National Guards." On the palace waves the black, red and gold flag, which the Emperor himself raised: the trees in the garden, clipped into green walls, present a melancholy picture of the old rococo time, which, it is to be hoped, has now likewise vanished here.

In the theatre by the Wien I saw this evening a new piece, in which the Emperor Joseph plays the chief part. This noble man is here introduced in an indescribably tasteless performance. Occasionally some cant phrases of the day excited of course a momentary applause. I saw another piece the next evening in the handsome Leopoldstadt theatre—

bad beyond description,—"Die Freiheit in Krähwinkel, by Nestroy." Ligorians*, barricades, charivari, publicists, Metternich in person, high and mighty, all jumbled up, loosely strung together, and yet all full of merriment. Scholz, the corpulent Falstaff of Austria, without wit, and Nestroy with amazing agility, imparted to the thing—one knows not how to call it—an air of extreme caricature. The true national comedy, such as it will one day arise, is here turned into a frightful scarecrow, a disgusting compound of all that is low. It is lamentable that such a thing can exist. Here I also saw for the first time on the stage a piece which has made so much noise—the "Village and Town, or the Professor's Lady," by Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer. My disgust at this production did not diminish, though Mademoiselle Neumann as Lorle, and her mother Madame Haizinger as Bärbel, performed their parts so admirably that I was myself surprised at the dramatic power of these characters.

* [A religious Order, generally supposed to have continued Jesuitism under a new name, after it had been abolished in the States.—TRANSL.]

At a short distance from my hotel was displayed a large Hungarian flag, indicating that soldiers were enlisted there for Hungary. Every now and then a young fellow came out, with a green, white and red ribbon and a nosegay stuck in his hat—a recruit. In another quarter a levy was in progress for the war in Italy. To us who live out of Austria and are accustomed to a regular system of recruiting, these proceedings appeared like a strange relic of a bygone age; nor less so, these different social interests and relations. It is said in the city, that a powerful party at Court, supported by a section of the Ministry, is only biding its time and opportunity, and secretly favouring a rising of the Croats against the Hungarians. This appears scarcely credible; how does it tally with an open enlistment of soldiers for the Hungarians? But who has ever yet sounded the intrigues of the old diplomacy?—Recruiting is also going on in the city for a campaign in the interior.

The streets of Vienna exhibit a strange appearance: there is a certain character of naiveté in the circum-

stance, that perhaps in no town in Germany are seen so many black, red and gold ribbons and cockades as in Vienna. The tricolor ribbon is worn over the coat, or hanging over the left shoulder, and even in the Diet several Deputies have appeared with this decoration. Scarcely a button-hole is seen without the tricolor badge, and the sword rattling on the pavement meets us at every step. The arming of the people has become an every-day business, and not an affair for mere parade or service on guard. The black, red and gold flags continue to wave from numberless houses and from the ministerial buildings. By a strange, half-conscious process however the black, red and gold colours have not only become a national mark of distinction, but a party badge. The men of progress, of progress *in abstracto*, adopt the mark. An attempt has just been made to form another party, which has chosen, rather at the suggestion of a few individuals than of their general accord, the badge of the black and yellow colours. Mr. Böringer, the editor of "Die Geissel" (the Scourge),—a paper which is below even the ultra-radical journals in talent (and this is saying

much), and which goes so far in vulgarity that the rich treasury of the German language has no name for it—this Mr. Böringer some days ago hung out the black and yellow flag at his office; a mob of people collected and tore it down. Totally unconnected with Mr. Böringer, as they expressly asserted, the peaceably disposed citizens, tired of continual agitation, wished to unite and form a firm association. Immense placards announced that a Club in favour of constitutional monarchy was formed, inviting every one to join it. Without issuing any precise manifesto, or dictating to those who entered the Club any exact course, their object seemed to be only to collect together an imposing number of members. It was said that more than thirty thousand had applied at the "Landhaus" for tickets of admission to the Club, and inscribed their names in the lists there, the majority being even ignorant of the objects of the association: they had only a vague notion that it was opposed to the radicals. A settled state of things can scarcely be expected to arise from a bond of union founded upon *such* a negative basis. There were undoubtedly

amongst these people many clear-headed and sensible men, who hoped that this Club might prove a safe retreat, in which to work out a systematic course of development; nevertheless, here as elsewhere, the practical and peaceable body of citizens seemed incapable of making a firm and united stand against the tide of idealistic notions: they suffered themselves to be hurried away into an unworthy desire for peace and quiet at any price.

In many towns a conscious feeling is now aroused, that the political disposition manifested is not that of the body of citizens at large, but has originated with a small number of busy speechmakers. Whoever desires to come at the truth—the full, even though saddening truth—must take recent facts into serious consideration; and if they do not answer to the consequences which he himself desires, he must yet recognize in these facts a certain progress.

But here too unhappily some wordy doctrinaires and ambitious men thrust themselves forward to head the movement, and the body of adherents is recruited from those easy, "ever-smiling" people,

who, satisfied with their possessions or their offices, simply accommodate themselves to a new loyalty toward the existing order of things. Thus we shall have to pass through many changes and many disappointments ere a true independence shall be established in the mass of citizens.

Here in Vienna an outward badge soon appeared, which seemed to supersede the political colours of the Federation. Many of the members of the new Club adopted black and yellow ribbons, in contradistinction to the badges hitherto worn, and it required some courage to wear them in public. I witnessed several scenes in the "Graben" and the "Kohlmarkt," in which there are ribbon-shops. Large groups of people collected before these shops, and whenever any one came out with the black and yellow ribbons, a loud halloo was raised; the man was overwhelmed with scorn and derision, and several times it came to blows, when the Municipal Guard, a handsome well-behaved set of men, interfered and restored peace.

There has been of late much heraldic discussion

in the newspapers, placards, and gossip in the streets and coffee-houses, about the origin and meaning of the black and yellow colours. There was even a talk of forming a black and yellow procession to Schönbrunn, but it was said that the Emperor had deprecated this, signifying that he had with his own hand planted the German flag upon his palace.

I endeavoured to ascertain in various quarters, whether those men who wore the German colours, were really striving to establish a firm and unconditional annexation of German-Austria to Germany, and *vice versâ*; but I nowhere met with the courage and clear-sightedness to follow a recognized and admitted principle through its necessary consequences. On both sides there were *ifs* and *buts*. I was greatly amused with a sentiment expressed by a fat, jolly-looking citizen to his neighbour, in a café,—"Why call myself a German, more than call myself a man? I was born and bred a German, and know nothing but German, but yet I am an Austrian—to be sure I am." O divine logic, disturb not the man in his soothing daydream!

Other spirits, great events must arise, to solve the knotty Austrian enigma. This German Austria sends her deputies to Frankfort, while the question is actually mooted whether or no she forms an integral part of Germany. This Austria has, through a long period of ignominy debased and enslaved us through her Metternich, and now forsooth we are to be told that our yoke was imposed by foreign countries!

September 19*th.*

THE morning was rainy, but the weather promised soon to clear up. A Hungarian deputation arrived in Vienna; they had only a small escort, which received them on landing, and conducted them through the streets. Their object is themselves to lay before the Diet the position of their affairs, since the Ministry are caballing with Jellachich against them.

I went today with some friends to Baden. At the railway-station I purchased a bundle of different newspapers. It becomes more and more clear to me, that a language is current here which neither emanates from, nor aims at, cultivation and refinement.

Traitor, scoundrel, slut, Mephistopheles, are terms commonly applied to unpopular persons. How can any decent discussion, founded upon clear argument, consist with such language? And such are the journals written for a people, who but a few months ago were surrounded by police-spies, who still have an atrocious soldiery, a rotten bureaucracy, a decayed school-system, in short everything derived from the old order of things.

The period when "fine language,"—"elegant style," and "piquant writing" were in vogue is gone by. The whole of this class of literature, with its artificial, smart, elegant, literary gimcracks, is thrown overboard. The idolatry of *virtu* is also at an end. A time lies behind us, which was incessantly making fresh starts, and never came to facts. These starts became at last a kind of mental gymnastics. Never was greater honour paid to intellectual skill, or the power of giving thoughts a shape, than in the period just past.

As, in the period of public life which is just opening, it is the character of a man that in the long

run must prove valid and durable, so too in literature the simple power of thought must prove the decisive test of worth. It may be said that the intrinsic value of thought is at the present day rising in general consideration, and that the form given it is proportionably disregarded. This however must not lead us to a state of barbarism, a tasteless blustering, flinging away the noblest fruits of cultivation and art, and sacrificing all to a mere racy facility of expression. Intrinsic worth is necessarily allied to the true forms of pure art; and style, the power of giving proper form to expression, produces that harmony both in matter and form, wherein durability and the certainty of producing the required effect co-exist.

The first establishment of a free Press has naturally called forth a rude, unformed expression of opinion: it could not have been otherwise. *Effect*, momentary effect, was the only thing aimed at,—what mattered the form? Things will soon be different. It is the firm and measured tone alone which is permanently sustained.

The writers in the Viennese ultra-radical press puff themselves up—lavish in abuse, as they are deficient in talent, nay, unable to write even with ordinary accuracy. Mr. Tausenau, who passes for one of the ablest writers, has inserted in the "Radical" an article on Wessenberg, cynical in the highest degree. Students likewise have brought out a paper, and reason at random. A stand must be made against this wrongheaded student journalism. The period of study is the time of acquirement, of mental ferment, and it is not good for the reader, far less still for the writer, that such half-digested thoughts, picked up but yesterday, should be at once and inconsiderately put forth. Moreover what remains for these youths to accomplish when grown up to manhood, if they thus early swagger in print? The journal the "Press" appears to labour under a verbose doctrinarism. Kuranda and Bodenstedt are about to establish in Austria a manly, open, and discreet publication;—this is a good thing and much needed.

The autumnal days were so bright, that I set out

on a trip to the green fields of Styria. I shall narrate only those events on my journey which bear upon the characteristic features of the time. By chance I was thrown into several circles of the aristocracy who had fled from Vienna; for living in the country was now more a flight than a recreation. Among the monied aristocracy I found the most frightful thirst for enjoyment. A constant succession of new sensuous pleasures, all equally stimulating, is called for,—only no disquiet, no trouble, no tasking the powers for the maintenance of life. I heard here again the oracular saying of the prophet Nestroy,—"Why should I do anything for posterity? what has posterity done for me?" I found the young men in these circles ever ready to inveigh against all who created disquiet, and longing and sighing for undisturbed enjoyment. A young fellow, twenty-one years of age, whose whole day's work consists in eating and drinking, riding and driving, and the like, was bent on emigrating to America with all his fortune: there alone was quiet to be found. The whole talent of these stable-boys in kid-gloves consists in inheriting;

and freedom too they want to inherit, like their patrimony. When we reflect on the rottenness of this state of society, where wealth serves but to overlay these men with a varnish of education, we feel the historical necessity that new classes of men should arise, to root out and supplant this good-for-nothing frivolity. Nor less miserable did I find the condition of the titled aristocracy, who had retreated, or rather fled, to the retirement of their country-seats, small towns and villages. On every side pale terror confronts you—a terror not to be scared away by dilettante pianoforte-playing. These people tried to laugh, to be merry, to make parties of amusement, but the reality of mirth was wanting. They trembled for their property, for their privileges, for their position in society: there was eager discussion as to the future fortunes of their younger sons, now that commissions in the army and places at court and in the bureaucracy, formerly so secure, were become questionable. In the country around the Sömmering, where the great earthworks for the railway had accumulated thousands of workmen, the feeling of fear was

still vague. I talked to many of these men, and, with the exception of a few disorderly fellows, I found them on the whole hard-working and good-natured, without craft or cunning. It is true I passed for a student with many of them, and this was at once a passport to their full confidence.

One incident may be noticed as characteristic; a certain Baroness, of slight mental cultivation, who with her two young daughters resided in this neighbourhood, whilst her husband was in Italy with Radetski, took into her house a handsome student as her protector. This student moreover, as every one knew, was the son of the Roman Catholic priest S * * * in a neighbouring village. It had a strange look to see her making visits and excursions on foot or in her carriage, accompanied by her safeguard, with his old German coat-of-arms, the Calabrian cap with its waving plume upon his blond curls, the black-red-gold band across his breast, and the sword trailing by his side.

The Countess A * * * is a peculiarly interesting person; residing on a lonely estate, she is now

occupied in writing memoirs of a residence at court, which, among other important particulars, will show, how Metternich and his Ligorians, with a refinement of cunning, extended their control not only to public affairs, but to private life, and especially the education and marriages of the daughters in high families. The revenues of the Countess are in extreme peril, her estates being situated in Hungary; and this extraordinary woman, who strikingly resembles the Empress Maria Theresa, endowed with all the accomplishments of high education, who sings in a masterly style in all living languages, is an admirable artist, and well-versed in all the productions of literature—this lady is now put to the trial, and ready to undergo it, of earning her maintenance by her own labour. A close examination of such a state of society, in which on the one side the rich and well-educated are compelled to descend from the height of refined enjoyment, while on the other, classes of men who have hitherto been kept under, rise in the social scale and acquire new liberties,—all this brought forward in living characters, would open to us a deep glance

into the secret workings and fluctuations of life in these times.

I continued my journey to Styria. Often did I long to sound the hearts of the people, and discover the effect which the sudden change of affairs since the spring produces on them. It is in the depths of the mind, and in the narrow sphere of small communities, that we must seek to understand these simple-hearted people, who have hardly an idea of their connection with the political world, of the pressure that has weighed upon us all, and how the old system of government has been dovetailed into the closest recesses of life. The change must have been one as in times of old, when the apostles of a new message of salvation penetrated into every part. But moral and political enfranchisement cannot be a gift,—it can only be won by struggle. To all of us, who for years have watched and studied the character and feelings of the people, who have sounded the depths of their heart, who have given expression to their desires and hopes, and sent forth words of exhortation and warning, which

have died away unheeded, though not unheard, by those in high places—to us, the elastic energy of the people's spirit appears still more remarkable than we ever imagined. It is no dereliction of our former principles, if we now go further and demand more.

As long as we could build our hopes upon a peaceful development, the inferences of our desires were framed otherwise. But the breach has taken place, and it is from a revolution that the change of circumstances has now resulted. It would be idle pedantry, and a bigotry to past wisdom, were we, from fear of a charge of inconsistency, to remain satisfied with the terms we formerly demanded of peaceable enfranchisement. No man has the programme of history in his pocket, to be enacted according to foreseen demands. Each day is a new day of creation . . .

A better understanding of the interests of the people at large has sprung up in the towns; but the first question the peasant always asks is, "How will it affect me?" The segregation of men in solitary farms and small communities narrows public

spirit, and restricts the moral horizon; nevertheless the continually increasing growth of large towns is at the same time the curse of modern civilization; it isolates the individual far more still, and entails that frightful state of things the evils of which we have hitherto vainly striven to heal.

I once asked a sensible peasant, whom I joined on the road, what he thought of the Diet, which had devoted its principal care to the peasantry. "Look-ye," said the man, "we never had to pay Robot*, so the care of the Diet is nothing to us." This gave a complete check to any ideal flight. It seems that some strong concussions must yet occur, penetrating into the remotest villages, to make men comprehend the altered circumstances of the times.

It must not be forgotten that selfishness and cupidity, which, it is well known, are everywhere found among the peasantry, have their origin, almost of necessity, in their position. In the first place, a man is estimated in the country entirely by his property, and when once a villager begins to go down in

* [A labour rent.—TRANSL.]

the world, he is ruined for ever; there are no new occupations here, as in the towns, no sudden turns of fortune surprising men with unexpected success: gains are small and steady. Hence arises the niggardly avarice of the calculating peasant. Among this class, a comprehension of the changed conditions of social and political life must follow in the train of substantial profit.

A politician of the old school would at once say, that the mass of the people will always require to be led, and compelled to their own good, and that all social changes originate with a higher order of minds. My belief is that this process is not one to last for ever.

I heard another remarkable expression from a peasant with whom I was walking one morning. In speaking of the students, he called them "inexperienced men," and added, that no man properly should be allowed to have a voice in public affairs, who is not married and has a household of his own. No objection was of any avail.

In the pretty town of Gratz, as well as in other small trading places, I found in private conversation and in society a certain careless enthusiasm for

Germany, but without any clear or definite notion of the relations this implied. Many seemed to regard the matter as they would considerations about another world, and to shrink from asking themselves *how*. But this question is the main thing. Democracy, which has here no very compact form, is in many respects cosmopolitan. In Gratz there is a German club, and also a democratic one.

Apart from trade and commerce, and the manifold circumstances which have here an influence upon life, there is one point which state politics overlook, but which is nevertheless important for a correct estimate of disposition and conduct. In heterogeneous national elements, which have been for a long period linked to an external unity, there grow up by degrees certain intimate social relations. Here is the daughter of a merchant—married to a Croatian officer; there, the wife of a physician—a Hungarian; yonder old man, who is already surrounded by a third generation, is a Czech, and so on. These ties form, as it were, the fine and intricate web of a new social organization. Nothing but a mighty movement, regardless of the fates and dispositions of

individuals, and exerting an inexorable power, could bring about on a great scale and decisively the natural separation of elements which have no natural connection. But were this separation attempted in a peaceable manner, from internal resolves, the social relations above alluded to would manifest their extreme tenacity.

I am aware that there are many other more comprehensive relations which make the Viennese, the Styrian, and so forth, far better acquainted with the Roumenian etc. than with the Franconian or Suabian; but I shall here only mention one point, which is not indicated upon the map. It is wholly erroneous to imagine that by the choice of the Archduke John as Regent of the German Empire, the sympathy of Austria was enlisted. The Court, as is well known, has had very little to do with this Prince, who has lived a retired life; and so long as Vienna is not the metropolis of Germany, it is all one to the people whether at Frankfort an Austrian or a foreign prince presides. The Archduke John must now feel the consequence of his having lived in moody

retirement through the long period of our country's ignominy, instead of coming forward as the open champion of her freedom. It is true there is much talk of him here in Styria, and all shows him to be a man of piety, a worthy mountaineer, a bold chamois-hunter, and in other respects humane, affable and without pride: but all this does not enlist the attachment of nations.

I pass over the varied insight I enjoyed in Styria into the life of man and of nature, and will observe briefly, that the public schools are in every respect in so miserable a state that a thorough reform is needed. Here again Austria appears unable easily to shake off the lamentable consequences of the old system, for in this as in other things there is a want of *men*. The want of good schoolmasters is striking. In the rocky, mountainous districts the frightful degeneration of cretinism is met with. When the time comes for positive organization, when no longer the mere struggle shall have to be maintained against the oppressor, but love for the oppressed shall exert its active zeal, means must in the first place be

adopted for the improvement of the physical condition of the people. Then will all idle braggart talk be put an end to, and superseded by a genuine and benevolent devotion to the interests of humanity. There is a far greater number of men who hate the princes than who love the people.

I everywhere met with a great excitement, raised by the priests, who were stirring up the people against the Diet, under the pretence that it was aiming at the subversion of religion. Hitherto, it is well known, religion, or rather churchdom, has been the only ideal watchword which could rouse the peasant. Petitions, for the preservation of the convents, etc. with thousands of signatures, had been circulated. The priests are still the only class who come into personal connection with the country-people; medical men form too small a body to be taken into account. The priests are the channel which communicates a knowledge of passing events to the country-people—the press cannot yet make its way among them. I passed through whole villages where no one ever saw a newspaper except the

priest. Nor will the Press ever attain that degree of power which personal intercourse and conversation give. It takes a great deal to make a peasant distrust the priest, and far more still to dare avow this distrust in refusing to sign petitions recommended from the pulpit. Moreover there has hitherto been scarcely any trace of free parochial institutions in Austria.

Take the following instance of the state of knowledge among the priesthood, and the object of their labours. On my pedestrian tour I met at Gambs a man, well-clad, with grey hair and a friendly look, carrying a fowling-piece on his shoulder: his stiff top-boots, which in Austria give their wearers the name of "God's Postillions," soon indicated his clerical vocation, and he gave himself out as the priest of Gambs. We walked some distance together, and the conversation turning on religious subjects, the priest said, "Ay, the liberty-men would lord it over the great God, but the great God is far too great for them. All the mischief comes from philosophical religion." I asked what he meant, and he

replied, "Philosophical religion comes from Rousseau in France; his friends once said to him, 'We have no drums nowadays,' to which he answered, 'Skin men, and make drums of their hides.' Now that's philosophical religion, and it all comes from Rousseau, who died *anno* 5." All the objections I made were vain; the priest resolutely maintained that he had himself read in a book in the convent that this was called philosophical religion. The book was probably a Jesuits' compendium. The priest accompanied me to Eschau. "Yonder," said he, "in the Keusche (the name here for an inn) you'll find a jolly company—the wood-surveyors, who are celebrating the conclusion of their business." The priest was right; I found a great merrymaking going on at the inn. The foresters and wood-surveyors were celebrating a shooting-match, and, when I entered, were seated jovially over their bottle. I was particularly struck with one fine-looking, broad-chested man, with his green hat ornamented with the *gemsbart* (tuft of chamois-hair), a closely-fitting grey coat and grey knee-breeches, who seemed as if

he could never drink enough. Every time the others rose to go away, he called for a fresh bottle, and sang snatches of songs in a confused manner. His comrades called him by a Czechish name. He was amazingly friendly to me, and kept continually saying "You are a great man, I can see." In vain I denied it again and again; he persisted, declaring that he knew how to deal with great folks, and whispered in my ear, that one must make every allowance for such people. A little fellow of a clerk, one of the party, got to high words with a saddler, who had been holding forth about the freedom of the press, and the clerk would have it that the saddler knew nothing of the matter. All present took part with the clerk.

The sturdy forester now challenged another man, of slender make, to fight, for sport; the fight came off, and after a long round the slim man threw his opponent. The latter however demanded another trial, and, as often happens, from sport they came to earnest, and pummeled one another with might and main; at last the strong-built man came off victor.

The bystanders ran up to part the combatants, exclaiming, "That's the curst Bohemian!" The big fellow was in fact a Czech, and his opponent had beaten his face till it was covered with blood. He sat down behind the table, cursing and swearing, and there was a general clamour against "the faithless Bohemians." A fine young peasant, a perfect Antinous in figure, came up to me and said, "This is too bad—no one has any right to reproach a man with his nationality; in all countries there are good as well as bad." We drank a glass together. Here again I heard the old story, to which my ears had become sufficiently familiarized: the old Metternich government promoted the Czechs to all offices, because they were the ready slaves of their will—prompt for anything. If a Czech and a German were candidates for an appointment, possessing perfectly equal qualifications, the Czech obtained it as a matter of course. Thus, a few days ago, I heard several miners talking together about one of their masters, whom they only called Mr. Swornost*. One said

* [Swornost is the name of a Bohemian *Club* at Prague: it is applied here as a nickname of national reproach. Some

"He ought to be hung on the alder-tree in front of his office!" upon which another observed, that the cord would slip off the alder, but that he knew of a trusty oak that would hold him fast. All assented with a laugh. What lamentable consequences have resulted from the old Austrian system, which not only kept one nation down with the bayonets of another, but also subjected the one race to ban and secret oppression by means of the merest officials of the other!

The Czech in this instance kept up the disturbance, until the landlord at length thrashed him soundly and turned him out of the house. There he stood in the street, hammering away at the door, shouting and demanding his musket: this was however not given up, but his hat was thrown out to him. When quiet was at length restored, my young friend, who was a celebrated *Jodler* (here called *Wollatzen*), brought to me a comrade of his, a lad who breaks stones on the roads, and he now began that wonderful melody, which, without the aid of

English newspapers of the time also talked of "*Mr.* Swornost."—TRANSL.]

words, finds its way to the heart and stirs the deepest feelings. The maid-servants came up, and they also jodelled. It was glorious to hear them; first two, then three, then five voices took up the song, as a wink of the eye passed from one to another.

Amidst men, in the intercourse of village life, popular melodies are always connected with particular words, by the force of circumstance and association; and it is only as a kind of closing instrumental accompaniment that a few notes without words, a *refrain*, are sometimes added. Far away on the distant Alm, where the herdswoman passes whole days and weeks, and exchanges not a word with anyone, she will often sit meditating and dreaming, whilst her wordless song rises like that of a bird—pure, free, self-sufficing. The child of man is transported back into the speechless scenes of nature. How glorious did these notes sound, when the uproar and confusion were scarcely hushed! Imperishable German heart! like Arion thou wilt bear thy song through the tumult of the storm, until the shore of peace is once more attained.

October 6th.

I STARTED on my return to Vienna: my way led to the Danube, where I meant to take the steamer. In several places at which I rested, crowds were gathered in the public-houses: there was a great stir about the removal of the magistrate's office. All general political principles were sunk, and interests of quite another kind were now uppermost in these small communities. Here, a landlord wanted to dispose of his inn,—there, a rich shopkeeper was scheming to sell his stately dwelling-house for the new office; and the various reasons which I heard urged for placing the office in this or that spot were most amusing.

I slept last night at Scheibs. How strange is the constitution of the world! In yonder great metropolis the entire order of things is changed, the whole framework of society appears disjointed, and all to be ruled by a single, mighty passion:—here, in the country, everything goes on its peaceful course; as it was yesterday, so it is today, and so it will be tomorrow. The miner descends the shaft, the wood-

man plies his axe in the solitude of the forest, the herdsman drives his herds into the stubble-field, and the vine-dresser is busied in the vineyard. A people—the human race—may be compared to a mighty organism, nor unaptly to the human body: whilst a single, absorbing passion seizes upon you, the functions of your life go on of themselves unheeded; the wave rises, and sinks, and bears you up, without your will or consciousness.

When a whole nation, at one and the same time, is advancing to the same goal, who shall lead it back by the thousand little paths which each individual has singly to pursue? The aborigines of North America believed that the earth was a flat disc, floating in ether; and their wise-men said that the reason why men must go different ways, was to preserve the equilibrium of the earth and prevent its being upset. Would the world really upset, were mankind with one mind, uniting for one great purpose, on a sudden and simultaneously to advance toward the same goal?

October 7th.

I WAS obliged to travel post, not meeting with any other mode of conveyance. How pleasant it was, after my pedestrian journey, to roll along in an open carriage through the light morning mists! As the sun rose, the horizon gradually extended, no longer bounded by the rocky peaks of the Styrian mountains; and as the postillion's merry song resounded in the fresh autumnal morning, a joyous, light-hearted feeling came over me for the first time for a long period, and new poetical forms rose up in my imagination as if born of the young day. I let them play before me, without attempting to fix them in my note-book. A feeling of the romance of old was shed like sparkling dew upon the feverish and trembling world.

Near noon I reached the steamboat, and we were now carried down the stream, in the brilliant sunshine, which illumined the towns, wooded hills and castles on the banks. On board I met a Deputy of the Diet, Mr. Paur of Neisse, one of the most consistent and philosophic liberals, who was cruelly

persecuted by that Metternich of Protestantism, Eichhorn; nevertheless he does not belong to the extreme Left, but to the statesmanlike and sensible party of Heinrich Simon. The conversation, which turned on the disgraceful scenes at Frankfort in September, carried me at once back into the midst of the confusion of these times.

Morally speaking we all live, so to say, from hand to mouth,—knowing what we have today, but not what we shall have tomorrow: the fate of Auerswald and of Lichnowski, who in his speeches had talked of horsewhips, almost makes one dread that the reins are taken from the hands of educated men, and that all is abandoned to the blind instincts of the masses. If civilization retrogrades, and if Germany goes on to her ruin, or escapes only through paths of blood and murder, the political agitators of the day (*Wühler*) will not have been the first cause of the mischief, but in a word the princes. For a period dating further back than the present generation, they have forced the best men in our country to undermine the law, and foster

resistance against its authority; and hence arises the incalculable difficulty of re-establishing a respect for the law in the minds of the people. We see at the present day how easy it is to bring discredit upon the three great Diets in Germany by all kinds of provocations. Must the country pass through a state of prostration, or the struggle of despair, ere the new law can take root?

In the steamboat was the widow of a Captain, from Salzburg, with her two young daughters: she was on her way to Vienna, with a view to seek redress for an act of injustice which had been done to her son, who was excluded by some intrigue from a free admission into the engineering-school. To aid her application, she had a letter of introduction to the Minister of War, Latour. An old man, who had been listening to her story, remarked,—"Ay, it will be long enough before in Austria a man gets anything except through letters of introduction." A sister-in-law of the Minister Bach was also on board.

At the different landing-places, we soon heard

vague rumours, that disturbances had broken out in Vienna, and that an incessant firing was going on. All were in the utmost excitement and suspense, until at length we met the steamer coming from Vienna: our Captain received a slip of paper, which he read aloud: it contained the news, that Latour had been hung on a lamppost, that Bach and Wessenberg were sought for by the infuriated populace, and that the Arsenal was taken*. The lady with the letter of introduction and the sister-in-law of Bach both fainted away. We were all deeply affected by the news. Was it possible that the easy-tempered Viennese could have suffered themselves to be hurried away by a thirst for blood, and that we are hastening on to a long reign of terror? It seems impossible. And yet who would have believed of the *galant* Frenchmen of the eighteenth

* [An interesting account of the events which occurred in Vienna during Dr. Auerbach's absence, will be found in the Appendix to this volume; the translator has been favoured with them by a gentleman who had every opportunity of knowing the facts.—TRANSL.]

century, that they were led on from murder to murder by a craving eagerness for blood, did not history record the fact?

We landed at the Nussdorf station, and drove quickly toward the city. Things were everywhere going on as if no disturbance had happened, except that here and there was seen a sentinel or a troop of National Guards. On coming into the city, we had to pass from barricade to barricade: they seemed to be well constructed, and many were cemented with manure. The fine blocks of granite were easily piled one upon another, and at some distance in front of each barricade the pavement was pulled up, and strewn about, to obstruct the advance of close columns. Workmen kept guard at the barricades, and in the passages left open at the side a plate was placed upon the stones, into which the passers-by dropped a trifle—new almsgivings upon new altars! All the shops were closed: in the "Graben," and in the streets adjoining the Arsenal, the iron-plated shutters of the ground-floors were

riddled with balls; not a whole window-pane was to be seen, up to the fifth story. In the streets were gathered people of every grade and dress, and all armed.

It was already night: the gas-lamps were lighted, when we reached the square "am Hofe." On the lamppost was still dangling the white swordbelt with which Latour had been hung: upon the post and at its foot were traces of blood. Groups of people were collected, in eager conversation, and we heard even the old folks say, that the reports of the savage behaviour of some women to the corpse, and of the mob having danced about with the dead body in the square, were sheer lies. Are we standing before a finger-post pointing to a long and frightful career of blood and murder? I confess that I do not fear this for a moment. The sharp points of passion are in our days turned by reflection. A single act may, as in this instance, stand out prominently, the result of a moment of excitement; but we can perceive neither any objects of relentless hate, nor the savage temper, calculated to keep alive a continued thirst for murder. But may not the latter

spring up in the course of time and events? May one murder not lead to the commission of others, to prevent the punishment of the first? Let us hope that the lessons of experience derived from the French revolution are not lost upon us. A continued succession of murders, and the stifling of all feelings of humanity by a familiarity with horrors, are only conceivable, should malignant influences ever succeed in exasperating to the utmost the passions of those classes who possess nothing against those who have property, and in thus shaking the whole fabric of civilization to its centre. But even then it would soon be seen, that the circumstances were different in the French revolution, when the attack was upon the nobility and the large landed-proprietors. At the present day, to pillage and destroy property, which for the most part consists of imaginary possessions, would by no means convert the destroyers into proprietors. The workman, whom so many popular leaders would fain flatter into a marquis *ouvrier*, would soon perceive that his position cannot be bettered by continual re-

volutions, but by reforms in the structure of society.

I went with my new friend to call on the amiable actress of the part of Lorle, who lives in the neighbourhood, and found her at the tea-table with her mother. Strange contrast! whilst all abroad is up at arms and in ferment,—the people moved by a blind impulse, a feeling that they must protect themselves from the consequences of their own deed, —here, was a little world of yesterday, of a former century! The lamp burns cheerfully, the chairs and arrangements of the room show how well comfort has been understood in the period just past: it will be doubly hard to the present generation to serve and watch in the coming time. On the walls quietly hang the pictures,—here are flowers, and books, and the pianoforte—long will its sound slumber, for who has an ear for music's voice when the thunder rolls abroad? Here was a picture of domestic life in peace and repose, whilst amidst war and tumult a new epoch is opening upon the world without.

It is perhaps an impossible task to record the history of public events, whilst the life of the actors is still undergoing change and transition,—continually to shift the glance from the many-voiced Forum into the secret retreats of domestic life, to exhibit all that passes in public and trace its influences upon the latter—this can never come within the province of strict history, and must remain a theme for historical poetry. For this reason it is both necessary and natural, in unrolling large pictures of the world's history, to intersperse the changes of personal life, and thus to exhibit the effects of the collective upon the position of the individual.

The mental agitation caused by this deed of blood, —perpetrated almost before their eyes,—affected these ladies still powerfully, and the Artist saw in it only the approach of a savage state of barbarism. Of what use is it to explain to a man whose crops have been destroyed by storms, that a certain quantity of electricity had collected in the atmosphere, which required to be discharged, and had thus cleared

the air? In all great strokes of fate, whether they fall upon an individual or upon society at large, there is ultimately but one resort,—to remain quiet, to let the storm pass over, and then to resume courage.

On my way home, there was great merriment on the barricades—singing and laughing. Here and there a hearth had been set up, and the fires crackled briskly among the pots and pans.

October 8th.

A SUNDAY, but not a church-bell is heard. The events of the time appear to stand in the following connection. In March the Hungarians had been promised an independence, but one the permanence of which was scarcely compatible with Hungary's intimate union with Austria. The Hungarians in their arrogance committed acts of injustice against the Croats*, and the Camarilla now takes advantage of these to check the Hungarians. Jellachich, who shortly before was almost under proscription, is now

* [See Appendix B. at the end of this volume.—TRANSL.]

secretly supported. The Hungarians, seeing themselves thus betrayed by the new diplomacy, now turn to the Diet at Vienna. The Ministry contrives, with the assistance of the Czechs, to prevent the Hungarian Deputies appearing before the Diet. The Minister of War, Latour, who in the face of the Diet had loudly and publicly denied any connection with Jellachich, is convicted by an intercepted correspondence, of having sent him money, etc.: he now seeks to palliate this treachery.

Lamberg is sent off [on a mission to Pesth], and is murdered. The Emperor dismisses the Hungarian Ministry, and appoints a new one with Recsey at its head, which is ready for anything and countersigns its own nomination. The Government now openly avows its designs, and the manifesto to the Hungarians appears. The day before yesterday some German troops, garrisoned in Vienna, are ordered to march against the Hungarians: they refuse, and the people see clearly that the old system of employing one nation as a check upon another is still at work. Provocations on the part of the Hun-

garians have undoubtedly contributed to this. A portion of the Burgher Guard and the Academic Legion unexpectedly comes to the assistance of the German soldiers, whose departure is to be enforced by the Dragoons. Latour is required to withdraw the command to march: he refuses. On the Tabor a fight ensues, and the mutinous soldiers and Burgher Guards are victorious. Before the church of St. Stephen, Burgher Guard fights with Burgher Guard, and the enraged populace hang Latour for his obstinacy and perfidy. The Diet, seeing clearly that this is no revolutionary attempt to subvert the State, but simply a fearful outbreak of mob passion, demands from the Emperor the formation of a new national Ministry and a general amnesty. The Emperor agrees to this, and the next morning revoking his assent he leaves Schönbrunn and takes to flight. The people seize the Arsenal, and Auersperg with his troops quits the town and takes up a threatening position on the Belvedere. Who knows what may now happen? Are the Court party bent on goading the people on to revolution, because an

infuriated mob have committed a murder? Perhaps the time may be come, when the feeble Ministry intends to strengthen itself by the iron regimen of a state of siege.

We went to the Diet, which was sitting in permanence. Smolka, a Polish lawyer, with a true-hearted look, in spite of his bristling moustaches, presided with quiet tact and an unassuming delivery. The meeting today was specially engaged with discussing several propositions made by Borrosch, the intent of which was to establish a firm coalition of the 251 members present.

At noon we walked about the city, and visited the outworks. Everything wore a Sunday appearance: the people looked at the barricades and rammed-up gates with great calmness, although many faces betrayed a feeling of anxiety; but it must be—the Emperor *must* offer his hand for reconciliation and peace. Here and there carriages, well-packed and with whole families, were seen driving out of the gates. Foolish timidity! All goes on quietly here in Vienna, in spite of its feverish excitement.

A large public meeting had been convoked in the Odeon for this afternoon, but it was postponed by written notices stuck up at all the corners of the streets. I heard from an authentic source—from some of the men themselves—that there was a plan afloat to proclaim a republic at this meeting, and to establish a provisional government. Some more prudent leaders of the democratic party opposed this, and declared that they would denounce any one who should raise the cry for a republic as a traitor, and give him up to the vengeance of the populace. The meeting was postponed.

October 9th.

I WENT to the Diet. Schuselka presents a report in the name of the Permanent Committee. Jellachich (whose deposition the Diet demands from the Emperor, and which the latter has granted in general terms) is said to be with his troops at Bruck in Styria, and the Deputy Prato is despatched thither to obtain an explanation and prevent his advance. A courier is also again sent to the Emperor, urging him to prevent Jellachich's approaching nearer to

Vienna. A deputation of peasants from the Marchfeld and the Weinland declare that they will stand by Vienna and the Diet with property and life. The Permanent Committee of students places the Academic Legion completely at the disposal of the Diet. The negotiations with Auersperg, whose troops upon the Belvedere are maintained at the cost of the city, are still pending.

A joyous excitement prevails in the city: there is a report that Jellachich is beaten, and that the Hungarians are following close at his heels, intending to annihilate him; the Emperor is said to have been retarded in his flight by the Landsturm; according to authentic accounts he has not yet reached Ollmütz, and it is said that he journeys surrounded by cannon and a large military force. This repeated flight of the Emperor produces serious effects. "If the Emperor has abandoned his post, why may not I do so too?" said a grenadier deserter to a friend. There is nothing to be said about the Emperor himself, but it is of great importance to gain a clear insight into the intrigues

of those who surround him. The Archduchess Sophia commonly goes by the name of the "Lady Camarilla." Can any one be blamed for distrusting the Court, and doubting if it be in earnest to establish constitutional liberty, or if its future policy will be based on truth? The instinct of the people has for a long time past scented the fox in the purlieus of the Court; but there has been a general distrust of its warnings,—an attempt, but a vain one, to hush them. Events have now unkenneled the fox, and he escapes. It is not the general and loud voice of suspicion that has conjured up the sly fellow, or by a miracle transformed the hare into a fox,—he has been there long enough in his proper nature. The intrigues with Jellachich, who is generally pointed out as the special favourite of the "Lady Camarilla," have brought to light the old and perfidious arts of dissimulation. Now is not this new flight of the Emperor, to say the least, childish? There is nowhere any symptom of antipathy toward the Emperor: on the contrary, the existence of the throne is looked upon

as the safeguard of the existence of Austria, and the continuance of the Dynasty is regarded by every man as a necessity. It is said that a rattle and clatter of swords and muskets was again made at the door of the Emperor's apartments, with a view to frighten him into flying, for his personal safety. Even if this story is mythical, and if report has converted the excitement of fear into an audible clanking of chains, it still shows what a notion prevails respecting those who exercise the arts of intimidation, and him who is the subject of them. Latour was near the person of the Emperor, and his death must have shaken him; but instead of answering, "Seek the murderers and give them up to justice!" he runs away in the night. How can he return?

In the evening the Diet sits again. Schuselka reports, that the negotiations with Auersperg for his return into the city have hitherto been fruitless. Auersperg continues to declare that his intentions are peaceful.

The Deputy Prato has met the Ban Jellachich in

Schwadorf, half way between Vienna and Bruck. The Ban declared, that he acknowledged no command but the will of the Emperor, and that he was going with his troops to join his Majesty. His manner was friendly, but reserved. Prato estimated his troops at three thousand men at the utmost, in a miserable plight. Kraus, the only Minister remaining here, declares that no steps are taken with regard to the Ban, without the consent of the Permanent Committee. Umlauft, a vain disagreeable person—who, it must be remembered, was Censor up to March, and who now declaims away on the extreme Left—moved that the law respecting military discipline projected by the National Guards should be proclaimed by the Ministry as a provisional law. This motion was carried. The systematic arming of the people is now under consideration.

An extraordinary excitement reigns in the city. Jellachich with his hordes turns out to be a real enemy, and a representative of barbarism. An eagerness for fight prevails everywhere; the people want

to sally forth, to attack and annihilate Auersperg and his troops, before he can unite with Jellachich. Others oppose this, saying, that an army of the people is only strong in defence, not in an attack; in the former case moral courage would avail,—in the latter, discipline alone, in which the people are deficient.

It is said that an artilleryman in the city declared his readiness to suffocate by means of sulphur-rockets Auersperg's troops, which are closely crowded on the Belvedere. People shook their head at this proposal: "No no, they are men like ourselves, and many of them our fellow-countrymen!" said a quiet-looking man.

Groups are quickly formed on all sides; a person addresses an acquaintance, and instantly a crowd gathers round; they discuss matters, they relate things, they contradict one another, although perhaps perfect strangers. A member of the Academic Legion is sure to receive most attention. This Legion consists not only of students, but comprises all who have graduated, and who are connected with any literary

or scientific calling. It is reported that the soldiers on the Belvedere sally out and barbarously maltreat the citizens who pass that way, especially the students. In the hotels and inns every one sits down at table armed; we are completely as if in a large camp.

October 10*th.*

Early in the morning women and lads are heard in the quiet streets, hawking the newspapers for sale with a noisy and peculiar sing-song. There is no longer any peaceful morning dawn for thought; on awaking we are instantly hurried into the busy scenes, and sleep brings but a few hours' relief.

To the Diet! are the first words in a morning, as friends enter your room; to the Diet—the heart and centre of life to the state and city! Schuselka reports on the events of the stormy night. Some members demand that the Belvedere should be attacked, and the Landsturm called out; but both motions are rejected, and the National Guards of the country round about are summoned to hold

themselves in readiness, and the decree for the general arming of the people is passed. Two members of the Diet are sent with another despatch from the Ministry to the Ban, to obtain from him a decisive answer. The people anxiously await tidings from him and from Auersperg.

In the evening another sitting of the Diet. The Minister Kraus reports that the Minister Hornbostl, whom the Emperor summoned to his presence, had met him at Krems. The Emperor intends to proceed further, to Brünn or Olmütz. Pillersdorf, Borrosch, and Stubnitzki had been with Auersperg, but the protracted negotiations led to no further result. Auersperg will not abandon his position, but he at last declares that he has no connection with the Ban.

The Deputation who have been to Jellachich report, that the latter gave this reply: "As a servant of the State, it is my duty to repress anarchy to the best of my power; as a soldier, the thunder of the ...non gives the direction of the march." There ... tone of bombast prevalent in Austria, espe-

cially in Vienna; and Jellachich now employs this in his diplomatic intrigues. What mean such words as that he "follows the thunder of the cannon"?

Jellachich, the Croat chief, has entered the territory of the German Empire with foreign troops. But here comes the sore point: what is the territory of the German Empire here in Austria? who refers to this? Would not a loud and general outcry be raised were the troops of the German Empire to march into Austria in order to expel the Croats? There is a miserable indecision respecting the relation of Austria to Germany, and even the wiser heads seek to evade a courageous determination. Austria is called strong and united, and yet there is a talk here of "an intimate union" with Germany, whilst in Prussia the current phrase is, "an expansion into Germany."

In many points there is a great difference between Austria and Prussia. In the former there is not that military pride, those boastful appeals to history, to Frederick II, Blücher, etc. which are found in Prussia. In Austria there is simply a desire to keep

together an assemblage of nations, but at the same time to maintain a separate household. Moreover all that in Austria bears upon intellectual life has a leaning and attachment to Germany: from thence the flame was fed, and Germany was the asylum from the mephitic atmosphere of home. There is, in connection also with this, a sober simplicity and unassuming social manners, which are rooted in the national character of men upon whom an important task has devolved in the present times; whilst in other parts men think much more of maintaining their personal "position" and so forth.

Prussia intimates pretty clearly that it is only out of favour that she cares for German unity, feeling herself sufficiently strong, and taking moreover the lead in intelligence. In Austria, on the contrary, the people openly aver that an intimate union with Germany is one of their most anxious desires; but how to effect this is undoubtedly a matter fraught with difficulty. Democratic idealists make light of such a thing, and talk of a great central European federative State. A

strange game is played: the diplomatic party, starting from quite another point, coincide with the idealists. I heard one of Count Stadion's friends declare that the Emperor Ferdinand would be obliged to abdicate, and resign the crown to his nephew Francis Joseph. The latter would then be elected Emperor of Germany, the Frankfort Parliament be transferred to Vienna, and thus Germany and Austria would be incorporated into one State. As if Prussia would submit to be ruled by a government at Vienna! as if the system of government in Prussia, with all its military strictness, were not far preferable to the radical corruptness of the whole state-machinery in Austria.

The most lamentable thing is that, in the beginning of this summer, a provisional power was established at Frankfort, at a time when the force of public opinion was still sufficiently fresh to have framed a new order of things upon a large scale. Now that public opinion has lost its force and vigour, and considerations of various kinds have again interposed, the question of a German unity presses

urgently for a settlement, and it is much to be feared that the decision will be a half one.

October 11*th.*

THERE is great rejoicing in the city. Five hundred National Guards have arrived from Brünn; the Hungarians, it is said, are fitting out steamers, to hasten to the assistance of Vienna. The news spreads from one to another, and every face beams with joy. I went to the sitting of the Diet at noon. Löhner, who was sent to the Emperor, has not yet seen him. Hornbostl, being unable to get on any longer with the Emperor, has requested his Majesty to accept his resignation. Another deputation is sent to the Emperor, consisting of one Deputy from each province, to represent to him the real position of the city. The Emperor must in the end yield, he must see that there is no anarchy in Vienna, and that all would long ago have been tranquil, but for the conduct of the Court party, who seem to act as if they wish to bring about a revolution in Vienna by force, to serve as a justification afterwards for

their inflicting the severer chastisement. But for the presence of Jellachich, there would be no excitement in Vienna,—it is now at its height.

The Municipal Council have announced that they take upon themselves to provide for the families of those who have fallen in the service of the city, as well as for the wounded. This has created a powerful sensation.

The Diet, who have been continually urged to call in the Hungarians, resist the demand. They have protested against Jellachich's invasion, and cannot therefore invite the Hungarians. A notice issued today by the Permanent Committee declares the report, that the Diet has *forbidden* the Hungarians to cross the Austrian frontier, to be false.

It is now said that the Hungarians are ready to advance, but have not yet crossed the frontier. Why do they delay? Does a man wait to be called, to fulfil a duty of gratitude? I fear that we Germans have been again made fools of by a foreign nation; but this cannot be spoken out publicly*.

* [See Appendix C.—Transl.]

Many brave mountaineers have arrived today from Gratz and Styria, decorated with the green and white ribbons, who have come, as one of them told me, "for a fight." The *employés* in the provinces under the old system, who are still at the helm, prevent the real state of Vienna coming to the knowledge of the people at large.

There is a general alarm in the streets: troops march up and down: the horses from the imperial stables are drawing cannon and baggage-waggons; there is a perpetual movement to and fro, like the waves in a stormy sea,—a picture which it is impossible to fix or depict.

Persons who come from a distance admit that it is difficult to make the lower classes understand the peculiar position of Vienna. Not a man has risen against the Emperor; the Diet continues its sittings peaceably, and is regarded by all as the legitimate safeguard and sheet-anchor of the State. The Camarilla has been the only object of hostility, which continued to play off its secret intrigues, during the existence of the constitutional government, and at

will superseding its powers. Latour fell a victim; he met with a just punishment, but perpetrated in an unrighteous manner, for his treachery to truth. For the very reason that no revolution has taken place within Vienna, the Court party seem resolved to force it into one from without; and yet Vienna now stands merely on the defensive,—in a position of self-defence against hordes of barbarians.

October 12*th.*

In the Diet at noon Schuselka reported on the negotiations with Auersperg. The latter has left the Belvedere, and taken up a position outside the city. His union with Jellachich is generally expected.

In the afternoon I went for the first time with some friends to the Central Committee of the democratic clubs, which holds its permanent sittings in the hotel "Zur Ente." The meetings are held in a large room on the second story. In every corner stood weapons, carbines, muskets, and swords; heaps of balls and cartridges were seen in the open cupboards. At one end of the room a young man, in

the dress of the Academic Legion, was stretched upon a bed, sleeping calmly. The poor fellow had gone through enough toil and disquiet when awake, and he now slept on, heedless of the noise around. On the opposite side of the room sat the enigmatical Chaisés, a kind of Cagliostro in politics, on whom every one looks with a mental reserve, but who nevertheless exercises an undeniable influence as if with a demoniacal power. There he sat counting out to some newsmen the money they had to pay for placards and the like. Dr. Tausenau, a man just turned of forty, with a dark complexion, full features, and a rather pointed chin, who is said to possess next to Schütte the greatest command of speech, presided at a long table in the middle of the room. A Secretary sat by his side taking minutes of the proceedings, and next to him Ludwig Eckart, his fine figure set off to advantage by the military dress. Like many others who at the present time ride the wild horse of ultra-democracy, he formerly devoted himself exclusively to the spiritless Viennese *belles lettres,* and shed his ink freely in

newspaper battles. Jellinek also was present, the busy, political Magus from the North. His transparent features bespeak great mental activity, while his rather emaciated figure is a living proof that abstractions do not make a man stout; his manner is perpetually restless, his hands are always in motion; one minute he rushes as it were upon his opponent, and the next he starts back to fix the spectacles on the bridge of his nose. Jellinek belongs to a class of men who are thoroughly upright, but whose natures are at the same time forced; partly from a consistency to his adopted or self-discovered principles, partly from the rapid succession of events, he has been carried beyond his own natural opinions. In his desire, as he fancies, not to remain behind his own convictions and the march of events, he presses forward beyond the mark; hence arises his feverish impatience, his confusedness in discussion, appealing to a thousand irrelevant matters, all which together prevent any proper debate. There is a kind of rash fanaticism in men of such forced natures, which does not allow

the opposite arguments to be calmly presented and discussed; the art of listening, of entering with fidelity and candour into another man's views, is here lost. Whilst his opponent is speaking, the listener stands, so to say, ready with the arrow of thought in his hand, waiting to let it fly as soon as the speaker stops, and—he shoots into the air.

Many must have felt, in these latter days, the fruitlessness of any debate, for few are prepared to admit a new thought into their minds, or to do justiee to new views, which might emancipate them from the narrowness of their own conceit. Men who deal in abstractions, the absolute critics who fancy that they stand upon a speculative height raised above mere matter-of-fact views, and want to reduce facts to their relative significance, are just the very men who are obliged to follow *facts* through every possible zigzag course, and are themselves the least free of all.

Another remarkable man in this meeting was Dr. Frank,—a man of an imposing and powerful figure, as if formed for a suit of armour. There was a

discussion today, whether, as a well-trained soldier, he might not be invested with the military command of Vienna. He and Messenhauser were the candidates of the democratic party, whilst another party (which had properly no name) wanted to have a retired officer named Spitzhütl appointed to the command.

Strange must be the conflict of feelings in the breast of a man, at a time when a question is to be decided whether or no he shall be called to lead a great movement that will form a part of the world's history. Who is noble-minded and honest enough to be prepared with the same equanimity to welcome either decision? What man is able to throw himself, with all the powers of his mind, into such a position, who can at the same time renounce it with unmoved calmness? Every one must in honesty confess, that to be set aside in such a case would cause him a feeling of bitterness, however transient.

The human heart will be revealed to us under a new aspect, when, as will one day come to pass, men

shall be placed at the head of affairs not by the accident of birth, but by the recommendation of talents and fitness; and when they shall reveal to us all that passed in their hearts in such moments of decision. What noble resolves in one man, what ambitious motives in another, will be brought to light! How easily it happens in such an election, that the candidate is ready to extol to the skies, in case he receives their suffrage, the very men whom, if they vote against him, he regards as an ignorant rabble beneath his notice! Or will history for ever place before us outward facts alone, and keep the real, inward life concealed from our view? Few men have the courage to be truthful in passing a judgement on themselves; thousands rouge themselves before the mirror of reflection in their closet.

The Central Committee of the democratic clubs possessed no legally recognized authority, which was centred only in the Committee of the Diet, the Municipal Council, and the Students' Committee, all sitting in permanence. Nevertheless the influence of the Central Committee was of great im-

portance, although the democratic clubs confessedly never attained any high place in the opinion of the people at large. The system of clubs moreover in general had not yet taken root in Vienna; those of the workmen alone were well-organized and presented a firm attitude.

As we entered the Committee-room, there was a pause in the debate. Some came and demanded arms, others ammunition: tickets were given to these people, and they were sent to the appointed depôts. Other persons came from the villages around, saying that Jellachich was disarming the National Guards in those places. Thus then did Jellachich, by his own sovereign will, abrogate the law guaranteed by the Emperor conferring the right of bearing arms. I spoke with some of the leaders, and told them that they should appeal to Frankfort, and call upon the Diet there to protect the territory of the German Empire from violation. "Frankfort!" exclaimed several, "which is nothing but the seat of a new central police! We will have nothing to do

with Frankfort." Jellinek, on the contrary, sided with me: he had himself previously moved that a large public meeting should be convoked for this purpose; but the motion was lost. He complained of the want of common sense amongst politicians, and declared that when this movement was ended, whatever might be the result, he would quit Austria.

I took two horse-pistols with me, in order to be armed like the rest, and we went to the Students' Committee. The court-yard of the Aula was filled with a crowd of armed men,—in fact at this time there was scarcely a man to be seen without arms. Upon the assurance of our conductor we were admitted, and mounted two flights of stairs. On the stairs we heard one man calling to another, warning him not to go about with loaded arms; and in fact, considering how many thousands of people, who never handled a gun before, are now running about with firearms, it is wonderful that so few accidents occur. In the corridor students were lying about upon straw, and glasses of wine stood on a bench:

large bags of tobacco and cigars, sent by the Municipal Council for the common use, were being carried into the different rooms.

We entered the room in which the Permanent Committee held its meetings. There was a conscientious earnestness in the proceedings of the Committee which could not be mistaken. Reports came flowing in, and the people had to be kept back, that each might be heard in turn. Here, a spy has been taken; one of the students is ordered to go with him into the examination-room. Another man comes with a complaint that the armed people do not keep together, and that there is a want of ammunition, etc:—he is referred to the Command-in-chief. A third brings a report of facts attesting the arbitrary conduct and cruelties of the troops on the Belvedere: these are entered in the Minutes. The inhabitants of a neighbouring village send all their arms, to prevent their falling into the hands of Jellachich. All and every one hasten in the first place to lay their representations before the Students' Committee. This is the public body in nearest connec-

tion with the people, and the authority of which they most readily acknowledge. The impression produced by the whole proceedings was of a thoroughly manly and earnest character. A young student of the name of Hofer, with noble features, and a voice evidently subdued by protracted exertion and want of sleep, was just then presiding. A gentle hint was at once sufficient to direct and regulate the discussions.

The sitting was now converted into a secret one, upon the entrance of a new-comer; and although some of the members told us that we might remain, as exceptions, we left the room with all the rest who did not belong to the Committee. I heard from our conductor that, in the private sitting, communications would be made respecting the election of the Commander-in-chief, and the subject be discussed.

I had a desire to see the Croats, and we were conducted into the room where they were confined. The apartment was tolerably spacious, and the furniture consisted of some chairs and a bench: straw was strewn on the floor on each side, the length of

the room. In one corner sat a man, his chin pressed upon his clenched fist, eyeing as with a fixed stare. At the window stood a group, conversing in a strange language, and close by sat a fellow squatted on the floor, mending his trowsers; by his side lay another, stretched out at full length, fast asleep; whilst others again, likewise extended on the floor, looked up at us, their chin pressed into their hand. Upon a chair by the door sat a young man, with red cheeks and a fair complexion: but a short time ago he had been a student at Vienna, and when taken prisoner he was disguised as an old man with grey hair and grey beard. The Croats, with their close-fitting trowsers and dirty shirts, their feet wound round with rags, had a perfectly foreign look and lineaments—a narrow forehead, brown eyes, turned-up nose, well-formed mouth and chin, black hair and dark complexion. Beside the evident consciousness of imprisonment, which did not however seem to weigh heavily on them, their features had that inexpressible cast of melancholy, which is seen in the human face when the powers of man's nature are not fully and

freely developed. Naturalists find this feature also in the higher species of animals, especially among dogs. I say this without any intention further than to explain what I mean by this melancholy cast of expression. I confess that it gave me a feeling of sadness to see these poor fellows, allured away from their Steppes by a bold intriguer, for mere mad purposes of murder and ambition. A friend, who understood the Croatian language, told me that these men all believed firmly that they were before Pesth—brought there to take the city; and they wondered greatly that the people wore no embroidered trowsers, like the Hungarians. Jellachich led his hordes backwards and forwards, in every direction, until at last they halted before a large city: this, they were told, was Buda-Pesth, which they must take and plunder. Why need the poor devils know that the city is called Vienna? they have only to shoot and slay. Such then are the deliverers of the House of Habsburg! The diplomatic game of intrigue is here an easy one.

We left the room. A man was pacing up and

down the corridor, drest in a brown paletot, and with white hair, upon which was stuck a cap embroidered with red and gold. A handsome student with a large brown beard walked by his side, conversing with the old man and paying him great respect. The latter was the Hungarian Minister, General Recsey, who was a prisoner here in the Aula, but appeared not at all to feel ill-at-ease.

We also went into the room where the examinations are held. There sat a student before a desk, which was placed upon the floor; by his side was the secretary. One of the National Guards brought in a woman for examination,—a figure stranger than the liveliest imagination could paint. She had on a faded, rumpled, green silk bonnet, with a long old-fashioned peak, a red handkerchief tied round her forehead, a short silk cloak which had once been blue, a large brown apron and large men's boots; a toothless, dirty, sallow face, and dark pinched-up eyes with a crafty expression, glancing quickly from one side to another, and smiling at every one, completed the picture of this strange apparition. The

National Guard had just surprised her in the act of secretly giving a letter to a man, which he was to put into the post outside the city. He had taken her into custody, with the letter, and brought her to the Aula. The letter was in a lady's fine handwriting, and addressed to the Countess Bathyany at Ischl. I could not learn its contents. It was natural to suspect that this person was a man in disguise; she was ordered to take off her bonnet and head-gear, and a profusion of short black hair appeared. Some grenadiers however, who came in, recognized her to be a female sutler, and she now declared that her name was Antonia *von* Höpfner, a lady of noble birth, and that she was blessed with four children, in saying which she raised four of her fingers. I did not hear what became of the strange creature, for at this moment there was an uproar in the court of the Aula as in a storm. The dead body of a student was just brought in, which had been found on the Belvedere, after the departure of the troops. The corpse was frightfully mutilated, the tongue was cut out, the eyes put out, the mouth slit up to

the ears, the nose cut off, the belly ripped up. All the horrors that the frenzy of a monster in human shape could devise had been perpetrated. And now there arose in the Aula shouts and howling and heart-rending cries for vengeance, such as I had never before heard. The women wept and wailed aloud; and the men—not students, not proletarians—raised their arms and swore vengeance on the House of Habsburg and Ferdinand "the kind." I saw one burly old man, the tears running down his cheeks, crying out till he was hoarse, "Vengeance on Habsburg! Thus the *good* Emperor has us murdered, because a single man has been killed!" In the scene before me I beheld the flames of revolt break forth in the breasts of the most easy-tempered people on the face of the earth, and saw to what lengths their spirit can be driven by infamous perfidy. "To the Diet! to the Diet!" cried several voices, and instantly "To the Diet!" resounded on every side.

Thither the dead body was borne, preceded by a black flag; that the members of the Diet should

see how the troops of the Emperor dealt with his people. Schuselka came down, and pacified the crowd with a few words. But when Prince Lubomirski set eyes upon the corpse, the sight drove him stark mad upon the spot: "O Jellachich! O Jellachich!" he is said to have exclaimed, before the madness came upon him.

We returned to the Central Committee of the democratic clubs; hardly had we entered, when a man, who has played a leading part in the movement, rushed into the room, bursting with rage, and crying out with all his might, "Spitzhütl is Commandant! He shall not be the man, or I will have him killed by my workmen! I have been in the students' committee—they are going to protest—they must. Up and stirring! agitate, let there be no rest! Spitzhütl must resign."

I confess I grew giddy on the towering waves of the revolutionary storm: I felt worn out by all I had witnessed and gone through today. Other constitutions are required to set at work the terrorism —necessary it may be—of a revolution, and to stand

firm in the midst of it. The passionate excitement of men's minds however arises, not merely from zeal for the general interests, but in some measure also from personal animosities and the strife of man with man. The same ardent feelings cannot of course be expected in a stranger, however great may be his sympathy, since the persons around are unknown to him, and he is only aware of the direction which the conflict takes; he is ignorant of the previous state of things, and the causes which long before foretold and prepared the way for the coming struggle, and rendered it inevitable. In making these remarks, I might refer to occurrences of a hundred different kinds, which are judged of with too much haste and severity by those who merely take a general survey of events and have no personal share in the contest.

In the midst of a revolution one gets accustomed to the most extraordinary events; and what would at other times depress the mind for days, and lower its tone, is at such a time carried off by the next wave.

I had promised to meet my Styrian friends in the tavern "Zur Linde," and we sat there in the evening enjoying a quiet conversation. One must stop sometimes, like a rider upon a fleet steed, who pulls up to take a draught and then speeds on again; but who holds the bridle of the great movement of the masses, and how is this guided?

It was near eleven o'clock, when a Styrian came in, and invited his comrades to accompany him to the Aula, to give evidence. I went there again. We first entered the room in which the Permanent Committee holds its sittings: the business was not yet closed. Hofer was still presiding, and the way in which, wrapt in his cloak, he sat leaning upon the bell, showed how exhausted he was, although he did not give up. The members sat around, engaged in debate, most of them with a musket on their knees. A young fellow at the lower end of the table had fallen asleep, his head resting upon the barrel of a horse-pistol. A large pitcher of water, with some glasses, stood upon a small side-table; there was no other drink, but cigars served to keep

off sleep. With vigilant care these young men guard against allowing the earnest character of their meetings to degenerate in the remotest degree into the revelry common among students.

We were summoned to the Examination-room. Near the President's desk sat a smart, well-fed Styrian forester, in a grey uniform with green cuffs. He sat twirling his moustaches to the right and left, and went on quietly smoking his cigar. He kept on his green hat, with the *gemsbart*, and looked boldly around at those present. His belt was still fastened round his waist, but he had no cutlass. He was one of the volunteers who had enrolled themselves at Gratz for the war in Italy, but had just been trying to correspond with some of Auersperg's troops, and had committed many other suspicious acts. During the whole examination he behaved in a bold and contemptuous manner, and on giving his name, to be inserted in the minutes, he added, "Pray put down, *Kaiserlich-königlicher Oberjäger* (Royal-imperial Head Forester)." This raised a general shout of laughter.

Whilst the examination was going on, a man was pacing up and down the further end of the room,—a soldier who had been brought in prisoner, and who kept walking to and fro with short and quick steps, like an hyæna in a cage, grinning at those present about him in a half-goodnatured, half-roguish manner. The Imperial Oberjäger and the soldier were now taken off to prison.

On our way home at midnight we heard that Spitzhütl had resigned an hour after his appointment, and that Wenzel Messenhauser, a democrat of the first water and an ex-officer, who had of late been engaged in literary pursuits, was appointed Commander-in-chief.

October 13*th.*

In the Diet, the President Smolka in the first place requested the Journalists and the Assembly in general not to let the tidings of the dreadful fate of Lubomirski appear in the newspapers, to prevent the melancholy news first reaching the family through the public press. A circular had already been sent

round by the newspaper editors, requesting the observance of this discretion.

A very strong address has reached the Diet from Hungary, offering the hand of "true brotherhood" in "free brotherly love." The Hungarians want to beat Jellachich on the Austrian soil, and are ready to halt as soon as the Diet orders*. Schuselka reports, that the state of things in Vienna is distorted in the most shameful manner by the provincial press, which represents it as a reign of anarchy and incendiarism; whereas in truth the conduct of the so-called lower orders is truly admirable. But it is found necessary to resort to such lies, and to raise the cry of "Anarchy," in order to let slip the dogs of war.

Beside the Styrians, two professors with a body of students have also arrived from Salzburg. The Diet continues to receive addresses of confidence from various towns. Jellachich now declares that, on receiving the news of the position of Vienna, he had advanced nearer.

* [See Appendix C. to this volume.—TRANSL.]

Messenhauser has issued his first proclamation: he speaks of the time as one in which "every day fills a leaf in the world's history;" and again, "We drown all sad reminiscences in the eternal stream of oblivion." I cannot understand how such hackneyed phrases can remain in use; but the more I observe those who read, the more I see that such humdrum expressions still produce an immense effect. These are a childlike people, and moreover they are Southerns. In their speeches and action, even among the more simple class of men, they present a strong contrast to the Northerns; and no one can judge of them, fairly and justly, who does not take into account the Southern excitability of temperament, which however is at the same time found united with a great love of ease and good temper. Yonder is gathered a group, engaged in passionate debate. A man quietly lights a cigar at his neighbour's, sticks it into his meerschaum mouthpiece, and then bursts forth in passionate invectives against the Emperor and Jellachich. A woman comes up to

them, full of curiosity to hear the news; and as she stands listening with breathless eagerness, she at the same time goes on knitting her stocking.

A report that Windischgrätz is collecting troops to march upon Vienna inflames the people anew. To many this seems incredible, but what is incredible in these times? Rumour is nowadays but the foreshadowing of events.

At the Diet this evening a report, delivered by Schuselka, stated that Löhner had not yet been received by the Emperor, but that the former Deputation had been admitted to an audience. Another despatch has been received from Jellachich, stating that he has no hostile intentions, and that he desires merely to do his duty as a citizen by suppressing anarchy. The simple answer to this is, that there exists no anarchy in Vienna, and that no conflict at all would take place if he would only depart. Jellachich is also given to understand, that his disarming the National Guards is at variance with his own words.

Borrosch laid before the Diet his proposed address to the Emperor, conveying a requisition that a congress of nations should be convoked, as the only means of averting the impending danger. The address was voted, but who can build any hope upon it? A congress of nations! this is one of those high-sounding phrases which suggest themselves opportunely when people do not know how to act. A congress of nations! peace will of course be concluded, when the battle is fought out; but why should not peace just as well supersede the strife? Does the number of the slain alter a whit the rational force of motives? But thus it seems to be with men, nations must first meet in bloody conflict, before they will lend an ear to reason and come to any understanding, however much pressed upon them by necessity. Would that humanity presented a different aspect! This new address is probably accepted merely not to have left any means of conciliation untried, although few entertain any hope of its success.

October 14*th.*

Is the imperial audience-room turned into a puppet-show, or is all this conduct the result of stubbornness? There can hardly be a doubt. The Deputy Peitler gives a report to the Diet of the audience with the Emperor. The Deputation were first kept waiting a long time in an ante-room on the ground-floor, by the orders of Count Laszanski. Even the National Guards were indignant at this treatment. At length, at one o'clock in the morning, they were admitted. Lobkowitz and the Archduke Charles were present, beside the Emperor. The Emperor hardly cast a glance on the address that was presented to him; and drawing a paper from his breast-pocket, he read its contents (which were almost in the same words as the reply of the 7th from the palace of Schönbrunn), and then withdrew.

Matters at court remain precisely in the same state. The barricades are permanently erected in the streets, and permanent barricades (so to say) are

forming in the minds of men. What will be the end of all this opposition?

Vienna is compelled to defend herself against Jellachich's hordes. Shots are fired at the outposts, whenever a Croat ventures within reach. Defence—it is this to which Vienna has been driven. Free-corps are forming; members are enrolled at the cafés, at the hotel "Zur Ente," and at the University. We live in a perpetual fever, at the cannon's mouth. What man is cold and passionless enough to depict the individual traits of this passionate excitement? One is carried away by the torrent.

At the sitting of the Diet this afternoon Schuselka announced the receipt of fresh addresses from various towns and villages, tendering their adhesion to the Diet. Pillersdorf, who was withoutside the line and prevented from coming into the Diet, desired to be conducted to the head-quarters where Auersperg and Jellachich had joined their forces. A despatch to the Diet was entrusted to him, demanding that they should prevent the entry of the Hunga-

rians, and promising in return that the supply of provisions should be again admitted free into the city.

Schuselka read the answer to this despatch, stating that the Diet had besought a peaceful mediation of the Emperor, that Lobkowitz had assured the Deputations that Jellachich intended no hostility, but representing that the cutting off the supply of provisions and disarming the National Guards are direct acts of hostility. They insist on Jellachich's retiring, in which case the Hungarians will advance no further; but whilst in a state of siege, Vienna cannot order them away.

The Polish deputy Feodorowicz spoke with great indignation of the conduct of those in power. There is something in the peculiarity of feeling and expression among these Poles remarkably attractive. They speak a foreign language, and their accent and the construction of their sentences are perfectly foreign, which imparts to all they say a character of originality. The educated mind is seen struggling, as it were, with the perplexities of language,

and at last the thought, the sentiment, is produced free of all superfluous verbiage. You see at once that new ore must here be sought in the depths of the mind, in place of the half worn-out coin that passes current in debate.

When a man in his own country betrays awkwardness in public speaking, it produces a disagreeable effect on the hearer; but in a foreigner this embarrassment creates a certain indulgent partiality for the speaker. We not only make every allowance for a man who has to contend with such difficulties, but we are anxious to lend him a friendly hand, to aid him. In social life this feeling often operates so strongly, that we are led to set even a higher value upon sentiments imperfectly expressed in our own language, simply for this very reason. But far more still is this the case when, as here, we see men devoting all their energies to the establishment of political freedom.

The Poles, who in the Diet had more than once entered into a compact with the Czechs, soon discovered that they had brought themselves into a

false position. The German element, and the democratic spirit which springs from it, must be their natural support; and they now bear loyally the painful position in which the people on the one side, but far more the Court on the other, have placed the Diet.

October 15*th.*

This is the second Sunday that no bell has tolled. People, especially the women, walk silently to church. The mighty St. Stephen has sounded the alarm by day and by night, and how can he call to prayer? In the streets every one is armed; not a child is to be seen. It would be interesting to dive into the minds of children, and see the effect of such impressions; but the mind can scarcely comprehend all that the ever-shifting scene presents.

A decisive battle was expected today, but it has not taken place. Men become gradually accustomed to this state of things; they learn, in the narrow as well as in the broad spheres of life, the accom-

modating force of habit. Such was the feeling in the Diet today. Pillersdorf demanded that the House should proceed with its regular business, the debate on territorial privileges; adding, that this would also have the effect of pacifying the city. Several Deputies called attention to the manner in which the foreign newspapers purposely misrepresent the state of affairs in Vienna, and how especially the absurd story of the murderers of Latour being well received by the Diet, is stated as a fact in these journals. A discussion arose whether these calumnies should be refuted or no. Borrosch proposed the publication of a simple narrative of the events of the 6th of October. Schuselka considered that it is not the duty of the Diet to be historians of passing events, and that it must be left to the truthful portion of the press to refute such calumnies. The Diet shared this opinion. In the intervals of suspense, in thought and action, we are tempted to sketch some of the leading characters. Take the following.

Pillersdorf, a man fifty years of age, of tall stature, with a lofty brow and very bald, is one of the most remarkable men of talent in the Diet. In all that he says he exhibits the calm discernment of a statesman. In his civilian's dress he has the air of a soldier, who has thrown off his uniform. Whenever he speaks there is instant silence: his enunciation is anything but impressive, yet in all his statements he arranges facts and opinions with firmness and decision, registering them as in a bureau, each in its proper place, so that he can easily refer to them. Pillersdorf has of late regained the popularity he lost in May when Minister. His appointment as Vice-President was hailed even by the most ultra-radical journalists, for in him they had a firm shield against the excesses of the Court party. His accurate knowledge of the whole domestic policy of Austria ranks high in general estimation; and as soon as the Diet assembles, all eyes are turned to see whether Pillersdorf is in his place, which is in the right centre. Under Metternich's government he sided with the liberal Opposition, and acquired a

pliancy, nay a certain softness of character. I have made the acquaintance of several men of this class, who, whilst they yield assent to liberal principles, instead of grafting this upon a firm and iron character, acquire on the contrary an habitual elegiac softness, if I may so express it. This is one result of the peculiar state of affairs in Austria, and of the national character. In connection with this peculiarity we may observe, that in the poetry of the time just past the most striking specimens of Elegy are to be found in Austria. However strange it may appear, the open susceptibility of impression seen in Pillersdorf, which prevents any stiffness or reserve, is connected with this inclination to the elegiac element. In the stiff, Protestant North there were formed during the period of slavery many more sturdy and vigorous characters.

Take another Deputy. There sits Goldmark, a young man of the Mountain party, with a short, thickset figure, and hair prematurely grey,—ever upon the alert, ever ready to fire, sometimes hitting the mark, but as often shooting wide of it. He has

something of Hecker's agility and youthful vigour, but he wants that commanding eloquence which the skilful lawyer possesses.

Yonder sits Füster, a well-fed man, a perfect picture of a *Feldpater*, with his coat buttoned up to the chin,—a man who has no weight in the Diet, parsonic, but effective in public meetings.

Look at Violand, rushing headlong into debate, full of spirit but without talent. Nevertheless spirit itself is something among a people who have been so long schooled to forget their position as men and citizens.

Close by sits Brestl, a mathematical professor,—a man turned of thirty, with a look and manner inspiring confidence, prudent, and free of vanity: he is talked of as the future Minister of public worship.

In the left centre sit Löhner and Schuselka, side by side,—the former a tall, thin figure, with emaciated features and a dark beard, betraying a nervous irritability. Löhner is one of the most enthusiastic men in the Diet, full of poetic flights, and as ready to

be carried away himself as to carry away others. He is received with the greatest enthusiasm, in spite—I regret to say in spite—of his warm support of the cause of German unity. It is a continual source of pain to perceive that people here have come to no determination with reference to this German question. Löhner is also known as a poet, under the name of Karl von Morayn: he is a physician.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that at the present time in Austria men of the medical profession occupy a prominent position in the political world; for instance, Goldmark, Fischhof, Zimmer, and Löhner. This may perhaps principally arise from the fact that medical science is the most cultivated and advanced in Austria, and has for this reason attracted and at the same time educated men of the first talents. The state of jurisprudence on the contrary is rotten, as in Austria the members of the Bar, among whom the popular party naturally seeks its leaders, have had no free standing.

Schuselka has recently acquired the highest fame, and won the respect and attachment of all. His

reports to the Diet are true masterpieces of parliamentary language, full of ardour, but tempered with calmness,—decided, yet at the same time equally discreet. He is master not only of every word he utters, but of each syllable, and of its proper intonation. An unusual calmness is required, in days like these, to preserve a temperate and manly demeanour in proclaiming the exciting events that hourly occur. I cannot say more of Schuselka,—our long intimacy prevents this: it may safely be left to his enemies to draw the picture of the man.

I feel sorry for good Borrosch,—his appearance is so often pedantically comic. His overstrained pulpit tone is disagreeable, and when he pronounces the words "Peoples of Austria!" it is just as if he lets them one and all step forth from his mouth. Borrosch still keeps his seat on the extreme Right, although he sides wholly with the Left: this is just characteristic of the man; having once taken his seat there, he retains it. Borrosch is a thoroughly honourable and upright man, full of enthusiastic devotion to the interests of humanity, and easily

excitable. Coming from Prague, he dreads above all things a conflict of races (a person must hear him pronounce this word, "Racenkampf," to feel the full dread it conveys), and would use every human means to avert it. Borrosch is a self-taught man, of general information; but he often falls into trivialities unbefitting the consideration which otherwise attaches to his character.

October 16*th.*

MESSENHAUSER has sent a long despatch to Jellachich, well-meant but confused. It is said that Jellachich answered it very ironically by word of mouth. General Bem, from Lemberg, who fought so bravely at Ostrolenka, has undertaken the military dispositions*.

It is announced in the Diet, that the Emperor has declared to a fresh Deputation, that the efforts of the Diet to oppose anarchy receive his "full and entire acknowledgment," and he "will take care that the Diet shall be allowed to continue their debates unmolested." This is only another instance

* [See Appendix D, at the end of this volume.—TRANSL.]

of the misrepresentations propagated abroad; as if anarchy has to be suppressed and the Diet set free, whereas there exists no anarchy and the Diet is under no constraint.

The Hungarians have not yet arrived, but Pulszky, in an address to the Permanent Committee of the Diet, actually advised the latter to appeal to the Central Power at Frankfort for an adjustment of the present differences. Do we require such advice from the Hungarians, and is this all the assistance they send?*

I went with some friends this afternoon to the camp on the Belvedere. It was glorious weather, and the mountains were clothed in a brilliant autumnal mist; but who has now any thoughts for the fresh breath of mountain air? Motley groups were gathered in the court-yard, where cooking, drinking and singing were going on. Many of the students had left the Academic Legion, and enrolled themselves as leaders of the workmen in the Garde Mobile. In the large central hall of the palace,

* [See Appendix C, at the end of this volume.—TRANSL.]

where hung the beautiful portraits of Maria Theresa and her husband, straw and blankets were strewn around, and here were encamped the National Guards of Brünn. In the saloons below were the head-quarters of General Bem. Suspicions began to be whispered about in the garden and on the stairs, that General Bem could not be fully trusted. Frequently the most fatal fruit of such a state of general excitement is suspicion, the seeds of which are suddenly sown by offended vanity, restrained fool-hardiness, and cupidity, whilst no one knows the real source from which it arises. The very difficulty of a man's proving his fidelity and devotion should lead to a distrust of such insinuations. How many collisions must the appointments in the head-quarters have occasioned, where perhaps every one wants to be the first; to be mounted on horseback with the green plume of feathers—there's the charm! The true democratic sentiment has still to be worked out, to render men readily content with a subordinate position, and in that position to fulfill their duty. When the struggle in the field

and in the forum is once ended, but not until then, the real worth of political virtue must again be proved; the silent and unnoticed acts of patriotism will then be called forth, without any stimulus of outward homage, shouts of applause, or torch-light processions; and he who then perseveres in an untiring course of activity, will have the first claim to the name of a free citizen and a good patriot.

On our way home we met two students on horseback, drest in white cloaks; they were galloping to the head-quarters. Joyous youths, who are now in the full possession of power and freedom! but will they hereafter work on quietly in the study, where no eye regards them? will they not weary of labouring, day after day, for the benefit of their fellowmen, restricted within the close bounds of law? Let us hope the best.

The Hungarians are said to be now at all events near at hand: Messenhauser asserts it decidedly.

October 17*th.*

This has been a remarkable day. In the Diet a law

for the protection of the Deputies was negatived, and Borrosch properly observed that it could only serve to protect against anarchy or reaction: there is no fear of the former, since Vienna, in spite of the general arming, has shown no vestige of it, and reaction on the other hand would not care for any law. Schuselka reports that a deputation of the Frankfort Left, consisting of Robert Blum, Fröbel, Hartmann and Trampusch, has arrived, and presented an address. Löhner, who has returned from his mission, characterizes the feeling at Court as "a compound of fear and reactionary tendencies." He proposes that an application should be made to the Regent of the Empire to act as mediator. Troops continue to be drawn toward Vienna; an address is again sent to the Emperor, stating that it is only the presence of these troops that excites any disquiet in the city.

I was in the reporters' box, when an acquaintance told me that the Frankfort Delegates were in the strangers' gallery, and wished to speak with me. We met in the corridor, and made an appointment

to dine together at the hotel "Zum rothen Igel." A large party of democrats was assembled there. All pressed round Robert Blum, to whom Jellinek was talking very eagerly. Dr. Becher, with whom I spoke here for the first time, joined us at dinner, with his wife and a fine sprightly boy. He was very enthusiastic in favour of the congress of peoples proposed by Borrosch.

To my great sorrow I here again observed none of the elder, settled class of citizens in the ranks of democracy, which consisted principally of young men, doctors and students. I regret to make this confession, but truth before everything. Here, as elsewhere, the burghers, the proper nucleus of the people, cling to a constitutional monarchy, and are horrified at the idea of a republic,—not out of love for the princes, but from fear of democracy and certain of its representatives,—not out of attachment to existing institutions, but from dread of what may follow. Everywhere men with a ready tongue, but who have lost their position in society, join the democrats; and this necessarily alarms the quiet

burgher. I am well-aware that a rigorism of virtue will not do in politics; but if eventually democracy succumb, this will arise mainly from the circumstance, that unclean hands have been permitted to desecrate the holy cause of popular freedom, and that this class of reckless men, who command neither station nor respect, have goaded on the masses, and made them a bugbear to the citizens.

The Frankfort Delegates would not believe me that the movement here is neither a republican one, nor, strictly speaking, a national German one. In our days a man soon learns to desist from attempting to impart his conviction to others: every one hears only what he wishes to hear.

Tomorrow, tomorrow, it is said, is the decisive day. Will the 18th of October again be a red-letter day? It is asserted confidently that the Hungarians are in the neighbourhood.

October 18*th.*

THE address of the Frankfort Left, which is stuck up at the corners of the streets, fails to heighten the

ardour of the readers. How indeed could this be possible, when the cord is already stretched to the utmost? The Delegates convey a fraternal salutation, and add: "We consider ourselves happy at this moment, pregnant with destiny, to be amongst you, and, if it be so fated, to share your dangers, to stand and fall with you."

Thus much however has been accomplished,—that the hopes of people seem to be more fixed on Germany: on every side one hears it said that it is for Germany to avert an attack from Jellachich; and the Committee of Students has despatched an address to Frankfort to this effect. Now or never would it be possible to awaken the sympathies of Austria for Germany. Every one looks anxiously for a mediator to avert the peril.

The Diet shows clearly how difficult it is, amongst such a mixture of nations as are here represented, to adopt any appeal which would be acquiesced in unconditionally in every district. In the address to the collective States it was proposed to use these words, "Peoples, arise with your moral force," etc.

Against this expression the Poles in particular protested, apparently from the fear of a misconception of the expression, and of a rising similar to that of 1846. The appeal was therefore again referred to a committee.

The position of the Diet is a most difficult one. Properly speaking the events of the 6th of October were no revolution; they made no alteration in the existing powers of the State; the Emperor remained, the Diet remained; and the terrible effects of mob law fell only upon one Minister. The Emperor fled, the Diet remained firm, and all the sympathies of the city and country are centred upon it. The Diet undertook the office of mediation, at first apparently with success; but its efforts were baffled by the Emperor's flight; nevertheless all the public hope is still fixed upon its efforts. Every one applies to the Diet, all authority emanates from this centre. I heard one of the most influential members of the Diet give this sharp reply to a party leader, who was urgent for calling in the Hungarians and summoning the Landsturm,—"Well, if you have

really gotten and want to keep a revolution, dissolve the Diet, and appoint a provisional government; but we, so long as we exist as a Diet, will not quit the ground of constitutional law."

Here now is seen the fatal confusion in the recent period brought to its culminating point. For months past various clubs and popular meetings have called upon the different Diets to effect a new revolution, and complete the work which was not executed by the people: hence such expressions as, "the permanent revolution," and that "the Diets stand upon the ground of the revolution." But the Diets do *not* stand upon the ground of the revolution: this is only the legal title in which their power originates; but their existence is the first commencement of organization. The Diet is merely the result of a revolution effected by the people inasfar as it has been successful, but by no means the revolution itself.

It is because the Ultras here are well-aware that the Diet concentrates in itself the political force of the people's will, and because it inflexibly opposes

their schemes, that some of the radical newspapers have already turned against the Diet, and ridicule it for sticking to the ground of legality. It is really absurd to hear the men of the revolution demanding an authorized revolution: they must be well-aware that of themselves they are impotent, that they could not muster five names among their whole party to form a provisional government. But they meet this objection by replying that, "the revolution will form characters of mark and importance, and call forth men to assume the lead." As if such stars of hope, if they existed, would not already glimmer, however feebly,—as if a revolution were a new creation, and had not to count upon men already in existence! The cry is, "Only cast the metal into the crucible, and let it melt: the form will be determined afterwards!" So easily do such men adapt their reasoning to their will. The pleasure of strife is the sole predominant element. "Fight! fight!" is the cry, —"leave the event, and all will come right in the end."

The Diet is placed in the difficult, two-sided posi-

tion which always falls to the lot of a mediator; and yet it could not act otherwise than it does, to prevent the whole political structure falling to pieces. The party of the revolution expects the Diet to give it the stamp and the standard; such a standard there is, which may be combined with legality; it is simply to be heart and soul Germans. But the Diet can only command a full House by the presence of the Poles, and here again we observe the strange position of Austria. If the Diet were to raise the standard of German unity, it would cease to be properly an Austrian Diet; and if all the present movement were openly declared to be a German one, independent of the Slavic-Czechish interests, the Deputies from the non-German provinces would have no further duty or sympathies to retain them at their posts, and there would remain only a small minority, incompetent for any legislative acts.

The revolution therefore to which Vienna is driven by the Court has to set up its own banner. A republic, as the leaders of all parties admit, can never be worked upon the flag. None of the newspapers

here—and they are certainly not backward in expressing freely their opinion—has ever pronounced the word Republic, much less used it as a war-cry. The impossibility of a republic being constituted in Austria is acknowledged by all.

October 19*th.*

A REPORT is in circulation through the city, that the Deputies Welcker and Mosle are arrived from Frankfort, in the capacity of Commissioners of the Empire. I hunted everywhere for Welcker, wishing to give him my observations on passing events, as I consider that my position here is sufficiently impartial to do this: but neither in the Permanent Committee of the Diet, nor in the Municipal Council, nor elsewhere was anything known with certainty of the arrival of these Commissioners. In some quarters it was said that they had started again immediately, without having communicated with any one officially; but this seems scarcely credible: it was necessary for them to ascertain the actual state of affairs here, upon the spot, to be enabled to act as mediators.

I again took a walk today outside the city with a friend; who knows how long this may be possible? On the glacis herds of grey oxen were grazing: we are at all events well provided at present, should the city be surrounded, and supplies from without be cut off. A blind man with an organ, whom we met on the road, was presently surrounded by a group of people, when we stopped to ask him a few questions, and my friend copied the begging petition which the poor man had hung out—it had such a true-hearted tone. In every exclamation of the bystanders I noticed a kind, good-natured spirit. I am struck by the fact that the beggar children here do not stick to one like burs, as in North Germany and other parts. If a child of this class is sharply dismissed, he goes away, instead of persisting with a whining importunity. I have observed this several times.

In the suburbs the old, easy mode of life prevailed; we even saw people in a shop quietly and busily putting into the lottery.

A new volunteer recruit of the Garde Mobile, with

a nosegay stuck in his cap, came out of the tavern with a flask of wine; he would persist in making me taste it. "Thou'lt not fancy that I am poisoning thee," he exclaimed, as I pledged him. The familiar "thou" is become very general of late: at the advanced posts, around the watchfire, and on the bastions, a fraternization takes place which could never have arisen in a time of peace.

A soldier meeting a poor woman, gave her unasked a large loaf of bread which he had under his arm, saying, "I have had enough, and shall soon get more—eat some."

After sauntering about the streets for a long time, we were attracted by a great drum to a tent in the square near the barracks. Here was a merry spectacle: at one end of the tent a full band was playing waltzes and military marches; huzzas and clapping of hands formed the accompaniment. In the centre of the tent were tables covered with cloths, on which glittered pots of beer; several men had writing materials before them, and nosegays of artificial flowers. As soon as the music struck up, an

open space was formed on the left, and the young men danced and capered, shouted and sang together, or with the girls whom they caught up in the surrounding circle. A handsome fellow with red cheeks, next to me, was dancing all by himself on a narrow space: he was too hoarse to sing aloud, but the Tyrolese Jodel was just audible on his lips. A lusty young fellow lifted in his arms one of his comrades who just entered the circle, and danced about with him in this way for a long time; then depositing him at length on the ground, they clasped one another tightly and began a quiet Styrian dance. "Come here, Italian," cried one of them to a lad with dark hair and black eyes; "canst thou dance like a German?" and without waiting for an answer, he rushed with him into the noisy circle.

Here then we are in a recruiting tent of the Garde Mobile. The music now stopped. A spare-looking figure, in a grey military cloak, and a black-red-gold band, with a student's cap on his head, beneath which peeped out a cunning-looking, one-eyed visage,

paced round and round the tent, or rocked himself backward and forward, evidently to some air which he had in his head. Brandishing a sabre, he exclaimed, "Come on! come on! a jolly life this—five-and-twenty kreutzers a day, and only enrolled for a month! Whoever doesn't like it, can leave it again. Come on, my boys! a jolly life this!" Occasionally he made a stop at some lad who stood looking on, and solicited him to enlist; or he would go up to a girl, and promise to equip a regiment of petticoats: a general laugh went the round of the crowd.

Seldom any one entered during the pauses, but as soon as the band struck up, a crowd pressed up to the officers who sat writing at the table, and who properly speaking were not officers until they had the necessary number of recruits. This martial music and singing produced such a joyous effect, as to leave little room in the people's minds for any serious consideration. A fellow who stood near me seemed to feel this: "Well," said he, "all won't be killed at any rate, and die one must some day or

other;" whereupon he went up to the table, told his name into the ear of the officer, who could hardly hear him for the noise: the latter wrote the name on a printed card, stuck this on the man's outstretched cap, together with a nosegay, and then shook hands with the recruit, who instantly darted off at a bound into the circle of dancers. There he was welcomed with a huzza, and first one and then another danced a round with him. More and more kept continually coming in, and on each arrival the shouting was renewed. During the pauses the one-eyed corporal (who, I heard, was a grenadier deserter) went his round again. Whenever an extraordinary time occurs, corresponding characters spring up: the hero alone, for whom all are eagerly looking, does not make his appearance: this episode in the world's history is enacted without a hero.

Every time a new recruit received a nosegay, a number of others came up, and wanted one also. They were told that they had already been enlisted and taken the oath, and that it was no longer proper for them to wear the badge; but they

begged and prayed so hard, just like children, that it was impossible to refuse them; and a woman coming up just then, with a basket of nosegays tinseled with gold-leaf for sale, almost every one got his decoration. I observed one man paying for another, who had not money enough. Men ever remain children, in raptures with a plaything, whilst they risk their lives without thought or care. The Garde Mobile is to be retained in future as a counterpoise to the old military system, a sort of parliamentary army, such as has been proposed by Venedey for the Diet at Frankfort.

In the evening I went to the Diet. One looks round with a painful feeling at the opening of a sitting, with trembling apprehension, to see whether the necessary number of members are present: it is grievous that this depends on a few individuals. The sitting today had to be broken up from the thin attendance, but at a later hour the full number were present.

A protest is placarded about the streets, in answer to the insinuations of Messenhauser that the

Hungarians will only answer to the summons of the legal authority. There is no legal authority that can summon them, and thus declare war against the Emperor. This behaviour of the Hungarians is revolting and miserable: every day it is said that they come, and they do not come; they are in advance of Bruck, behind Bruck, on the frontier, over the frontier—nothing more can be said*.

October 20th.

At last it is said that the Hungarians are for certain advancing. Meanwhile we learn officially in the Diet that the supply of provisions is cut off. Schuselka explains how irreconcilable this is with the acknowledgment which the Emperor has expressed to the Diet, and how order and security are forcibly destroyed. Feodorowich and Löhner speak energetically concerning this state of siege. The Municipal Council has sent a deputation on the subject to the Emperor, and another to the Diet at Frankfort, to support its request. Who has given the command for this siege, and why?

* [See Appendix C, at the end of this volume.—Transl.]

There is a talk of a harsh manifesto from the Emperor, which is posted up in the camp, but is not meant to appear in the city.

I am now almost daily in the reporters' box, and will briefly state the impressions made upon me.

In North Germany most of the leaders of the public Press have jumped from abstract philosophy into the politics of the day, and, as a natural consequence of such a leap, are left tottering and without any firm footing. Here, on the other hand, the leaders of the Press have mostly passed over from the arena of theatrical criticism into the affairs of the political world; hence arises a theatrical pathos, the airs of a chorus-singer, who has only to sing with others in the general chorus, and considers himself a degraded solo-singer. The airs these men assume are disgusting,—all this overwrought colouring, this wringing of the hands, this idle flummery. Most of the articles that appear in the radical journals, particularly in the "Constitution," are mere bombastic toasts put into writing, and winding up with three cheers for magnanimous Vienna, and

so forth. As to any statesmanlike view of affairs, any formative power, there is nowhere a trace of this.

Courage, mere courage, is put forward as the sufficient substitute for political power; but what is courage without talent? it can fight, it can excite men's passions, but it can give no impress to human society. Courage and cultivation are the two most powerful, the sole levers for the reconstruction of the world: unfortunately they are rarely united. It is far more possible to associate cultivation, reflection and insight, with pre-existing courage, than to engraft courage upon cultivation: here are men who know all, who are acquainted with everything, but who want the holy spark of enthusiasm. In Vienna, above all, it is necessary to consider how cultivation and sound views may be instilled into the minds of this unquestionably courageous and resolute people,—a people so confiding, and so open to receive instruction.

He who means honestly to the cause of the people and of liberty, whose attention to the people's claims is not a mere momentary alms thrown to the needy,

whilst he the next moment abandons them to their fate, should reflect that the people must learn not merely to extol his magnanimity, but to listen to bitter truth. The lesson must be inculcated into people's minds, that while the first thing is to establish political and social relations on an equitable and honourable basis, this is not all, and that every individual must reform and rectify his own character and conduct. The greater power popularity confers upon a man, the more bounden is it his duty to denounce the evils and prejudices that exist in mind and habit, undeterred by any fear of the gallery. Apart even from the necessity of this conduct in a moral point of view, it is politically indispensable, unless every succeeding organization is to wear the aspect of reaction.

I am well aware that the general who rides at the head of his troops to battle, is not in a position to preach sermons of admonition and reproof: he praises their strength and courage. The people must maintain their defensive attitude against their still un-

conquered enemies; but there are peaceful pauses enow, lulls amid the storm, when we must study to give an impulse to the task of internal reform likewise. I will only mention one fact in illustration of what I say. At a recent election of the Municipal Council, this city, which contains nearly half a million inhabitants, returned only from 4000 to 5000 votes, and the composition of the Council, with the exception of some men of talent like Stifft, was pitiable. I am told by men of veracity, that at the election of the constituents, upon a second and even a third ballot being demanded, it often happened that as many as 500 voted the first time, who afterwards dwindled down to 50. This unpardonable indifference in the election of the Municipal Council, an affair of such intimate concern to the citizens, ought to have called forth warning and reproof in any Press that had really the interests of the people at heart: it ought again and again to have been impressed upon the people of Vienna that they had forgotten the dictates of their duty in neglecting the free right of election. The truth must be early in-

culcated and daily repeated, that a people's liberty is not to be established amid the noisy huzzas of popular assemblies, in animated personalities of debate, and the like; but that the service which the cause of liberty demands is patient and unremitting, one of arduous and uninviting toil: this alone it is that can secure to us the rights which we have won amidst the storm.

Notwithstanding the fact I have just mentioned, there is no trace here of the enervation which has elsewhere even seized upon the lower classes; but the leaders themselves rather run into the other extreme of incessant exaltation.

The "Proletariat,"—which is here for the first time officially designated by this name in the addresses of the generals, etc.—is yet very far from reaching the point which many pessimists desire, to enable them to carry out their theory of deliverance. That artificial line of demarcation, which has elsewhere been drawn by force, and has separated men under the designations of *burghers* and *people*, is as yet unknown here.

It may perhaps be a South-German view of things, but I believe there is some truth in the remark, that a wide difference exists between the proletariat of the South, who drink their wine and beer, and the dram-drinking class met with in the North—that they are not to be compared. The scenes so often witnessed in the towns of North Germany, of disgusting drunkenness and brawling, are nowhere seen here. This dram-drinking is a pest of society, and yet the people are innocent of the suicidal habit: under the old negative system the State did nothing for the sound and healthy man, and the dram had to supply the want of clothing, warmth and sustenance. The new, positive system will therefore have to give its chief attention to the supply of wholesome and cheap diet: this is better than any socialist theories.

I have inquired again and again among people of all classes, and am told that the domestic penury which is found in countries where this dram-drinking vice exists, is not met with here. The people, with their true-hearted, open character, and cheerful humour,

require merely that the State should do its duty in supplying good mental as well as physical aliment, to save them from this degrading condition. Every opportunity I have had of studying the character of the people—on the bastions, on the barricades, and in the various groups—has inspired me with fresh attachment to them. In a general way it may be said of the Viennese, that they possess far more political temperament than political character; and for this very reason their temperament requires, instead of being continually irritated and inflamed, to be wrought into a firm and settled character. They are naturally very excitable, and when roused are ready to run all risks. If treated according to their natural humour, if an appeal is made to their attachment and devotion, they meet this with ready confidence. Nothing could excite this people's passion more than the perfidy of Latour. Had he said openly, "We must go to war with the Hungarians," they would probably have cared little for the matter; but to persist in declaring that he knew nothing of Jellachich, and wished to have nothing to do with him,

even up to the last moment, when the correspondence was intercepted, and then to send away German troops—this conduct roused the deepest indignation and disgust in people's minds. This feeling it was that raised the axe which dashed out Latour's brains, and twisted the swordbelt round his neck. There is now but one general feeling of indignation against those who surround the Emperor (for it hardly extends to the Emperor himself), at their palpable attempts to goad Vienna into a rebellion, in order then to effect its overthrow.

October 21*st.*

The third quiet Sunday, yet amidst so much disquiet! The Commissioners of the Empire have not yet made their appearance, and are said to be at present at Ollmütz; but instead, an address from them, "in the name of the Regent of Germany," is stuck up at all the corners of the streets. The Commissioners designate their "embassy as a mission of peace and reconciliation." They exhort the Viennese "to exchange the sanguinary strife of battle, before

the flame extends further, for peaceful negotiation;" and they offer their mediation to effect this object. As if the negotiations hitherto had not been of the most peaceful character! The manifesto of the Emperor, which had been talked of, came to light today: it speaks of nothing but the horrors that have transpired in Vienna, and proclaims that Prince Windischgrätz had received unlimited authority and the supreme command of all the troops, excepting the Italian ones, with orders to march upon Vienna, "the seat of the insurrection." *This Manifesto bears date the* 16*th of October—the very same day on which the Emperor expressed to the Deputation from the Diet his "full acknowledgment" for their suppression of anarchy.* Honest policy this! Only the milder manifesto of the 19th was sent here officially, but the other was also placarded in the streets.

The address of the Commissioners of the Empire concludes thus:—"Long live Austria, and her glorious Imperial House! Long live Vienna! May Austria and Vienna, with all speed and increasingly, com-

bine prosperity and a cheerful enjoyment of life, like the free Britons and their flourishing metropolis, with full but legal constitutional liberty, guided and governed with mature and manly discretion!" There is something almost ludicrous in this professorial allusion to "the free Britons," in the midst of such a general storm of indignant passion. Still the people place great hopes—nay almost their only hope—on the mediation of the Commission of the Empire. The Commissioners are said to be at Ollmütz, and they must now come to Vienna, to convince themselves on the spot of the real position of affairs; for it is reported that, whilst on their journey, they allowed themselves to be imposed upon by many stories told them by fugitives of the monied classes.

The people are hard at work, clearing away the barricades: similar ones are erecting in the faubourgs with military skill; but the general opinion is that there will be no fighting in the streets of the city itself, and that the troops, who at present confine their operations to artillery, profiting by the experience of last summer, will not engage in such a conflict.

October 22nd.

CHANCE led me again to the Aula today. On my return from dinner, I met in the square of St. Stephen a body of armed men, conducting a prisoner. There was a general exclamation among the bystanders of "A spy! a spy!" The man was deadly pale; he cast his eyes on the ground, and from time to time looked up and around, as if to seek help. Who can distinguish whether this is the look of a guilty person, or the indication of a free conscience? Fear always wears the same expression. Some of the bystanders exclaimed wildly, "Hang him! hang him!" and the poor fellow got many a hard blow. I interfered, and being taken for a student obtained a hearing, and succeeded in making the mob understand that no one ought to be punished before conviction; and moreover that if this man was a spy, some information might be obtained from him, which would be frustrated by their killing him outright. This had an effect. I walked by the side of the prisoner, who looked at me with a glassy stare, muttering to himself occa-

sionally, "I know nothing." A stout burgher, in the uniform of the National Guard, who walked by our side, kept clenching his fist and exclaiming that he would strike the fellow dead.

We arrived with the prisoner at the University. Upon examination it was found, that he had undoubtedly endeavoured in a suspicious manner to pass the line by a by-path. He was the servant of a goldsmith in the city, and was bearing a letter from his master to his wife, desiring her to send him a large store of food, as a siege was expected. Beside this letter the man had a quantity of the newspapers and placards that had appeared during the last two days. He was found innocent, and was asked to stay there for a little while, and then to go quietly home. He admitted that I was right, and that the people were hardly to be blamed for their suspicion and irritability; but when the consequences fall upon an individual, it is hard to find consolation in such an excuse.

I again attended the sitting of the Committee; the demeanour of the students inspires me with in-

creasing admiration. To see men so young, gifted with such power and energy, yet withal carefully avoiding all excess, proves a healthy mind. Still I do not share the opinion of many persons, that eminent statesmanlike abilities are likely to be developed in this Committee. It is one thing to be able in the midst of a revolution to stop short within certain self-prescribed limits, but another to have the ability to settle on a firm basis the government of a State. The very power which these young men now exert, almost without control, may prove an obstacle to the future establishment of lawful government; and men who have once possessed such an amount of freedom, will with difficulty accustom themselves to those restraints which are necessarily imposed upon liberty to maintain order in a State.

On leaving the Committee, I met in the courtyard the National Guard who had been so infuriated against the prisoner. As we walked along, I tried to explain to him how wrong he had been: he answered, "You are right, quite right; but I am

naturally so hasty; I don't know what to do with myself. I am a shoemaker, and earn a good living, with an excellent wife and four children; but let them all go to wrack and ruin—I'm ready to die,—only vengeance on the Emperor and the Camarilla, who want to ruin Vienna! Is a whole city to be ruined on account of one man?" The fellow went on exclaiming in this wild manner, and even still more violently: the Archduchess Sophia came in for a shower of choice epithets. Here again I noticed the flame that was kindled in the people's minds.

The following is an article on the evening sitting of the Diet, which I wrote immediately after it, and which appeared in the Austrian Lloyd, edited at that time by Bodenstedt.

The sitting today has been the climax of our feverish and painful state, which has now continued for nearly three weeks. The imperial Diet, standing upon the firm ground of the law, has been compelled, by the law itself, to declare the measures of Prince Windischgrätz illegal, and it has done so.

Public excitement has during the last few days been so strained, that it can hardly any longer be said this Sunday to have reached its highest pitch; and yet Prince Windischgrätz has now for the first time fired his paper shells into the city. Groups collected at the corners of the streets, eagerly discussing a manifesto which had been placarded by some unknown person, but which the police had torn down by order of the magistrates. It was scarcely possible to credit the contents of this document, until they were confirmed in the Diet.

The meeting of the Diet was announced for four o'clock. The Deputies arrived. The President declared the sitting opened, more than the necessary number of members being present. A great excitement was now visible in the galleries, when the general and anxious apprehension was removed lest the Diet should be discouraged and not persevere. The Hall itself presented a calm and determined aspect. The President in his introductory address pointed out with his usual simplicity, candour and distinctness, the critical importance of the moment,

and the necessity of maintaining an attitude of firm and manly courage.

When he called up the speaker who had to read the report, an intense excitement seized upon the whole Assembly; calls of silence rose on every side, and all sat listening intently, to catch every syllable of what was about to be communicated. Schuselka, who throughout these eventful days maintains a calm and noble firmness, now announced to the Diet that Prince Windischgrätz had sent the following manifesto to the Municipal Council, charging them with the responsibility of giving it publicity.

"Commissioned by his Majesty the Emperor, and charged with full powers to put an end at once to the present state of anarchy, I reckon on the sincere and vigorous co-operation of all the well-disposed inhabitants.

"Inhabitants of Vienna! your city has been stained by deeds of atrocity, which fill the breast of every honest man with horror. It remains still, at this moment, in the power of a small but audacious

faction, which hesitates not to commit any atrocity. Your lives, your property, are abandoned to the arbitrary power of a handful of criminals. Take courage! Obey the call of duty and reason. You shall find that I possess the will and the power to free you from this thraldom, and to re-establish peace and order.

"With a view to attain this object, the city, the suburbs, and the surrounding country are hereby declared to be in a state of siege; the civil magistracy is placed under military authority, and martial law is decreed against all who transgress my commands.

"All the well-disposed inhabitants may remain tranquil. It will be the object of my especial care to protect the safety of person and property. But, on the other hand, the full severity of martial law will fall upon the refractory.

"Prince of Windisch-Grätz,

"Field Marshal."

"Lundenburg, Oct. 20th, 1848."

The impression which the reading of this docu-

ment produced was not to be mistaken. Schuselka observed, that the Municipal Council had not made this manifesto public, but had handed it over to the Permanent Commission. Thereupon the Finance Minister, Kraus, immediately sent the Emperor's manifesto of October 19th, together with the address of the Commissioners of the Empire, Welcker and Mosle, by a courier to Prince Windischgrätz; it being natural to conclude that the Prince was ignorant of those documents, especially the first, since they were in direct contradiction to his threatened measures. This proceeding of the Minister, the speaker observed, might be approved, and there was ground to hope that it might possibly produce some effect. No reliance however could be placed upon it, and the duties imposed on the Diet required more.

In a calm and impressive exposition Schuselka proceeded to show that, although the nations of Austria possessed as yet no constitution on paper, the State was nevertheless both *de jure* and *de facto* a constitutional one, and that therefore all

public measures must be restricted within constitutional limits,—a principle which imperatively and inflexibly prescribes that such measures can alone emanate from constitutional authorities. A state of siege and martial law are the last measures to be resorted to for the restoration of order,—measures which may not be adopted until all other means have been exhausted. Such is by no means the case in the present instance: the state of siege could not lawfully be resorted to, whilst the people through their representatives are met in deliberation on the establishment of their constitution: the Diet alone has the power, as in Paris, to decree a state of siege, for its own protection. Force must be opposed by the arm of the Law, and the Permanent Committee therefore proposes to the Diet the following decree:—

"Whereas, the maintenance of peace and order, when really endangered, rests solely with the constitutional authorities; and the military power cannot interfere unless at their request:

"Whereas, according to the repeated declaration

of the Diet and the Municipal Council, the present excitement in Vienna is kept up solely by the threatening presence of masses of troops:

"Whereas, lastly, the Imperial Manifesto of the 19th of this month guaranteed anew the full maintenance of all the liberties hitherto obtained, and in an especial manner the free deliberation of the Diet:

"The Diet declares the measures threatened by Fieldmarshal Prince Windischgrätz, of proclaiming a state of siege and martial law, to be *illegal*.

"This decree is to be immediately communicated by courier to the Minister Wessenberg and to Fieldmarshal Prince Windischgrätz.

"Given by the Constituent Diet.

"Franz Smolka, President.

"Carl Wiser, Gleispach, Secretaries."

When the word "*illegal*" was pronounced, the feeling in the Assembly and the galleries could no longer be restrained. Loud applause resounded through the building: this was the moment when the moral force of the people legally and constitu-

tionally took its stand upon the ground of its indefeasible right, in opposition to violence.

After the decree proposed by the Committee had been read, the President demanded whether any one desired to address the Assembly. For some minutes a breathless silence reigned in the Hall; all present appeared spell-bound by the general feeling manifested—as if by one individual—and to be withheld from interrupting this by any individual sign of approbation.

At length Löhner rose, visibly affected by the unsuccessful efforts of his late mission, and by the importance of this hour, so pregnant with anxious expectation. He said that he had nothing to add to the motives and proposition of the Permanent Committee. "This is no time," he continued, "for sensitiveness, for scrutinizing whether a due measure of respect is paid to persons. The Commissioners of the Empire, instead of coming to Vienna and addressing themselves direct to this Assembly, are gone to Ollmütz; nevertheless, be it remembered that the cause of our common country is at

stake; a German city is threatened with the utmost severity,—this is a blow to Germany at large. Let a clause therefore be added to the decree, to the effect that the latter be transmitted to Ollmütz, and communicated to the Commissioners of the Empire."

Nadler moved the addition, that the Commissioners should be invited to come to Vienna, in order to convince themselves that there exists *no* anarchy.

Schuselka supported Löhner's proposition, with the proviso, that this decree should be communicated to the Commissioners by the President, whom alone they had hitherto addressed; to this Löhner consented. Borrosch opposed the invitation to the Commissioners, as they had avoided Vienna; but the proposition of the Committee was carried by a large majority, there being only about three dissentients.

The question now is—if indeed there can be any question—Will any one dare to carry into execution a measure which the Diet has, almost with one voice, declared to be *illegal*?

The great tide of affairs is swept along by a

deep and irresistible impulse: acts acquire of themselves a power independent of the actors; measures have emanated from, or been taken up by, the People, by the Court, by the Diet, which carry with them the crime and its penalty.

A fraction of the *People* rendered the 6th of October memorable by a deed which, unforeseen as it was, is and must remain isolated. The people took up arms, as if to avert the consequences of their own deed. A city takes upon itself the consequences of an act, which it did not commit, and to which the majority of its inhabitants were entirely opposed.

The *Emperor*, who was at first inclined to reconciliation, allows himself to be seduced into flight, and arms himself with obstinacy; he incurs the guilt, first of irresoluteness, and then of an abandonment of his duty; he leaves his post a second time.

The *Diet* takes upon itself the consequences of a deed which it abhors. In order to prevent the further spread of revolt, it demands a general amnesty, and the formation of a new Ministry. The

old, obnoxious Ministry is overthrown, not however in a legal manner by the Diet, but by the events that transpire in the streets. The Diet assents, and thus becomes tied to a responsibility, which all its great and disinterested efforts are incapable of throwing off.

What will be the penalty which each of these three parties will have to pay?

All these events seem to be overruled by a law of necessity, until they terminate in a lamentable conflict, which, in spite of every effort to ward off the consequences, especially on the part of the people, comes and levels everything before it. At the same time we may learn to understand the workings of individual life, by the side of great historical occurrences. If any one could, so to say, maintain a general, telescopic survey of events, and at the same time regard them in detail with a microscopical glance, he would be the person to give a true and living picture of history; but these faculties appear to be incompatible. It is the same in the events of public life as in science; those who pursue any study

in detail, seldom come to regard it in its wider aspect, whilst men of comprehensive views are frequently deficient in insight into particulars.

On my way home I observed a boy, seven or eight years old, sitting under a gas-lamp at the corner of the Goldschmidgasse, with a large bundle of newspapers on his knee; instead of crying his goods for sale, he sat there poring over the contents of the last number of the "Radical," pointing with his finger to the words as he slowly read them half aloud to himself. His mother came up, and scolded the boy for reading, instead of selling the papers, until I silenced her by purchasing some.

October 23rd.

Symptoms of a siege meet us even at the breakfast-table,—no milk, and still worse none of the excellent cream. Thousands, who the whole year long never give a thought to it, will now feel the dependence of the city on the country around. A fellow of dry humour observed, that the Emperor and Windischgrätz had become aware that Viennese Liberty has

teeth, and that for this reason she is now weaned from the milk. Daily experience shows, that when things go wrong, we often become unconsciously ironical at our own expense; this is the first effort to rise after a fall. The fellow I speak of had a particular passion for the noble "Capucin," as the coffee is here called.

It seems as if we shall be completely cut off from all knowledge of the world abroad; for several days we have been without either letters or newspapers. On our walk however we heard some important news. Austria appears to be approaching her dissolution: it is said that the Tyrol has declared itself an integral part of the German Empire: others say that it has hoisted the blue-and-white standard and joined Bavaria. Some people rejoice at this news,—others look doubtful. It seems to be the opinion of many that Austria must fall to pieces, as the shortest path to the overthrow of the Dynasty, and as the only means to effect the real incorporation of German Austria with Germany. Those persons however who reason in this manner are seldom native

Austrians. There is a strong and general inclination in the public mind, in harmony with the demands of able statesmen, to discover some special and exceptional arrangement for the union of the collective States of Austria with Germany. Is the difficulty of solving this problem any proof that it is impossible?

In the Diet we hear that a proclamation of the Committee of the Tyrolese Landtag represents the Imperial Diet at Vienna as being under the influence of anarchy and terrorism, that the republican party in Vienna have the upper hand, and that in consequence the Landtag of the Tyrol is opened. The Diet protests against this measure. The law for the protection of the Deputies, which was in the standing orders of the day, has been rejected, after a debate.

The greatest excitement prevails in the city. Many persons, who before would not hear of the Central Power, now place their last hope upon the Commissioners of the Empire. I have always had a high opinion of Welcker, as a man of a devoted and noble

mind; he has it now in his power to accomplish a great purpose, to engage the deepest sympathies of German Austria for the cause of German Unity: but he must come here, to Vienna, and not suffer himself to be imposed upon by the lies that are propagated abroad. If the Central Power now steps in, as a mediator, it will gain an overwhelming force. Nevertheless—and this is the lamentable consequence we have reaped from long separation—the very entry of German imperial troops, Bavarians or Prussians, would create everywhere an inexplicable excitement. So divided and split up is Germany: there are few who can and will attain clearer views; but the Central Power must at all events come forward in the face of Germany with all the energy of its moral influence. If Welcker only comes here, and promises this mediation, all men will turn eagerly toward Germany, since all are anxious for a peaceable settlement, with the exception only of a few madmen who want strife and war at all hazards. For a city in which the Imperial Diet is actually sitting, whose acts are acknowledged and spoken of

with praise, to be at the same time shut up and besieged, is an unheard-of outrage.

Unless the city receive succours from without, all persons the best able to judge assert that it cannot hold out long.

In the afternoon I took a walk to the Rossau suburb, to see the effects of the first shell which had been thrown into the city. I was accompanied by one of the Academic Legion, whom all saluted with great politeness,—so high is the estimation in which this body is held. In the Thury suburb, close to the house which was the first one built, by a man named Thury, after the war with the Turks, the ball had entered the roof. Women and children were everywhere standing in front of the houses. Although this quarter is said to be inhabited by the lowest classes, I did not observe that ragged appearance in their dress which is seen in other cities. Anxiety and terror were depicted on the faces of all: how many amongst these people were in all probability ignorant of the real cause of this war!

Shots were continually fired at the outposts. We mounted up on a high scaffolding in a timber-yard, from whence we could quite overlook some positions and movements of the enemy; but scarcely had we fixed our telescope upon a certain point, when the firing began anew; it was answered from beneath us, and on our high platform we presented an excellent mark for the enemy; we had no desire to retain this position long. The enemy's cannon now thundered, with discharges of musketry from both sides, and as we returned to the suburb the *générale* was beaten and the alarm-bells rung. Armed men came out of every house, but these alarms had become so frequent, day after day, that the people seemed to be in no great haste to answer the summons. At one corner of the street, which was a rendezvous for a troop of the National Guards, I saw them quarrelling amongst themselves. A feeling of bitterness and strife with the world at large engenders a corresponding spirit at home, and men easily fall to bickering with their neighbours, who suffer from the same causes as themselves.

In the city nothing was to be seen of all that was going on in the suburbs. Every one went his way quietly, that is to say, as far as circumstances would allow. A placard stuck up at the corners of the streets reminded us that a public meeting in the Aula had been convened by the students for this hour: Robert Blum was to attend and speak. We went to the Aula: as we entered, Blum was in the middle of his speech; the hall was not very full, and there were no symptoms in the Assembly of that serious and solemn elevation of feeling which a forcible address, spoken from the heart and speaking to the heart, excites in an audience. Instead of being absorbed and riveted to the spot by what they heard, the people were sauntering up and down at the end of the hall. But what indeed remained to be said, when the flames of war blazed up on every side? What power have words to kindle the ardour more? I am sorry that Robert Blum allows himself to be made a tool of by such men, who parade his intimacy, and to see him demean himself by showing off to the Viennese his powers of oratory.

In this speech moreover there was nothing that displayed the reflection of an impassioned enthusiam. With his well-known facility of expression, and his quiet mastery over lengthy periods, he exposed the old crimes of the Court party, only gently intimating the necessity of exciting a terrorism against internal foes, but leaving his hearers to decide whether these internal foes were persons, or the impulses of their own hearts. The address was received with repeated hurrahs, at every powerful expression and clever turn of speech. The measured, pulpit-toned strings of words, which dropped off like beads on a rosary, allowed pauses for the hurrahs without causing interruption; after each burst of applause the speaker quietly continued. Every minute he seemed to be coming to the end,—now—and now—there must be a close; but no, there was always something more to follow: in conclusion he exhorted the people to courageous perseverance, adding that he and his companions were ready with them to conquer or fall.

A student next mounted the platform, and proposed a *Vivat* for Blum, the Frankfort Left, and the

German Fatherland; and thus the meeting ended. On their way home the people crowded around Robert Blum, who had the Calabrian hat with waving feathers on his head and a sword at his side. Some pressed up to him, and seized him by the arm; Blum however did not appear to be at his ease in such a crowd; he is too clever, and too old a stager in politics, not to see at once that these are not men who can lead the people, far less still govern them.

October 24th.

It is truly melancholy to think that German Austria is lost to Germany, and this mainly through the Commissioners of the Empire. An address from them to the President of the Diet, dated Krems, October 21st, has been placarded in the streets today. The Commissioners say: "After receiving information in Linz and on our journey hither, from *the accounts of the authorities and persons of station,* of the state of affairs at Ollmütz and Vienna,"—they repaired to the Emperor, and now call upon the people, until their arrival, to avoid "any armed col-

lisions." Every one here knows too well that the most infamous lies are spread abroad respecting Vienna. The Commissioners ought therefore to have examined the state of affairs here, in order to have represented this to the Emperor, who has hitherto been either deaf to the truth, or kept from hearing it. And have the Viennese the power to avoid "armed collisions"?

I am grieved that Welcker likewise shows himself so incompetent to assist in the re-organisation of our country, and is one of those who allow themselves to be forced from their principles by the noisy clamour of the ultra-radicals,—that he also now takes his view of the state of the people from the public offices, and this too in Austria, where it is as yet impossible to fill those offices with competent men who have a clear comprehension of the position of affairs. How many men, who once stood bravely by the side of the people, have allowed themselves to be affrighted and misled by the clamour of a set of Ultras, and no longer regard the condition of the country dispassionately with their own eyes, but

from the ministerial benches and official reports! I now feel a kind of shame at having expressed openly my confidence in Welcker.

Whilst the shadows of the Commissioners of the Empire still figure on the street-walls, Windischgrätz comes forward with undisguised brutality, and demands not only the general disarming of the people, but also the surrender of twelve students as hostages: his third mild and conciliatory demand runs thus: "Several other persons, whom I shall select, are likewise to be given up."

It is quite clear that, with a refinement of cruelty, it is the intention of the Court party to goad Vienna on to a struggle of life and death: who can deliver up the hostages demanded, to say nothing of the "other persons" whom Windischgrätz is to select? Are not such conditions a mockery unparalleled in the history of the civilized world? This was the general feeling at the sitting of the Diet this evening, in which Schuselka commented on the measures of Windischgrätz with equal power and dignified calmness,—with all the indignation of a man of feeling

against such an outrage of humanity. The following resolutions were passed:—"Since Fieldmarshal Prince Windischgrätz, in open contravention of the Manifesto of the 19th, and in open disregard of the resolutions of the Diet of the 22nd of this month, adopts measures which *abrogate all constitutional as well as human and civil rights,* the Diet declares those measures to be not only *illegal,* but inimical to the rights of the people, as well as to the constitutional throne itself."

The excitement in the city is at its highest pitch: courage, in the cause of right, animates every breast: an appeal to arms is consecrated by law. Unhappily some excesses have occurred in the suburbs: armed persons are levying forced contributions. Martial law is proclaimed against these men.

The supply of water is cut off; the fountains in the public squares are dry.

Again there is a report that a battle has taken place between the Hungarians and the Croats; but who will any longer put faith in these rumours? On the other hand it is said, that the Hungarians have

kept back within their frontiers, in consequence of a Russian note, threatening an invasion of the country upon their departure. The most absurd stories are propagated, but not credited. The people now rely upon their own strength, and no longer trust to the Hungarians*.

October 25th.

TODAY it is said that Windischgrätz is summoned to Ollmütz. There is still a glimmer of hope for a peaceable adjustment of affairs. Meanwhile a constant firing is heard along the lines. Windischgrätz has proclaimed, that every one found in arms against him will be subjected to martial law; and Messenhauser, on the other hand, issues an order of the day, requiring every citizen to be armed for the protection of the city, with the threat of martial law in case of disobedience to this order. These are brilliant prospects on the one side and on the other! In the city however the orders are not so strictly enforced.

Should any decisive battle take place, Vienna can

* [See Appendix B.—TRANSL.]

only be saved by relief from without. A few weeks ago there was a grand procession by torchlight, in honour of the Deputy, Hans Kudlich, who had moved for the repeal of the Robot, when the peasants delivered speeches full of gratitude and devotion,—lavish in proffers of their money and lives. Kudlich, I hear, has now gone out to summon the Landsturm; but it is said that the peasants have detained him in several places, and that in more than one instance he barely escaped with his life. This may be explained by the fact, that manisfestos have been spread abroad, in which it is said that the Emperor has of his own sole will remitted the Robot to the peasants.

On the bastions and at the outposts the enemy are not called by any special designation,—but merely termed "the Military," by a few "the Imperialists." The cause for which they are in arms is almost lost to sight, and the struggle is simply one of necessity: the whole is like a duel on a grand scale, which the combatants, having once entered upon it, are obliged to fight out honourably.

October 26th.

It has been repeatedly said that troops had gone over to the people, and many believed this; today a number of soldiers approached the Leopoldstadt, bearing white flags, under the show of fraternizing with the citizens, upon whom they opened a murderous fire. This is an honourable mode of warfare truly! The Tabor, the Prater, and Augarten are occupied by the military. The Leopoldstadt is said to be incapable of holding out any longer.

The country around Vienna is in flames. In the Diet Schuselka observed, that the conflagration spoke louder than any words, and could not fail to enlighten those who had hitherto not seen, or been wilfully blind to, the events that had transpired.

October 27th.

Events press one upon another,—there is hardly a peaceful moment to put down a few hurried notes of the occurrences. At such a time as this every man is but a drop in the stormy ocean. I can scarcely say where I have been during the whole of this day,—

with my gun slung over my shoulder, and my pockets full of cartridges and ammunition, driven about hither and thither. In crossing the square near the Freiung in the twilight hour, I heard the sound of an organ in the Schottenkirche, and entered. The service was just concluded, and the lights upon the altar were extinguished; the little lamp alone was burning, but the assembly did not leave the church. A woman who was kneeling at a side altar, began a hymn, with a most touching melody, and all the rest remained kneeling and singing without the organ. At such times all the mere outward forms of religion fall away, while its pure and intrinsic worth, which is choked by this covering, shines brilliantly forth. Only put out those wax tapers glimmering around, which illumine merely the externals, and the light of the small lamp will still go on burning steadily and for ever. There is something very impressive, amidst all this storm and conflict, in finding one quiet spot where the heart may enjoy peace and repose.

I afterwards met a Deputy of the Diet, and we

agreed to walk together to the Rothen-Thurm bastion, to see the fires which illumined the horizon all around. In the Graben we fell in with a large crowd, preceded by two well-known popular leaders and some armed men. They pressed every unarmed person whom they met, as a recruit. We were known to the leaders of the party, and allowed to go free; nay we were even fortunate enough by a few words to release from the ranks of volunteers a bareheaded waiter of an hotel whom we happened to know, and who rushed up begging us to intercede for him.

The sight of the flames around the chief part of the city, as far as we could see from the bastion, was terrible.

This evening I made the acquaintance of Messenhauser. His face, with its small black beard and dark eyes, has no great expression: his manner and conversation betoken an unassuming good-nature. He shares that strange inconsistency of character which is unhappily too common; simple and unostentatious in ordinary life, he becomes bombastic

and wordy as soon as he takes a pen into his hand, especially in his proclamations.

Laying a map of the city on the table, Messenhauser explained confidentially to some of the Deputies all the measures taken for the defence of Vienna, and the operations that had been prepared: nevertheless he did not appear to be perfectly at home in these plans; for a Polish Deputy, skilled in military affairs, corrected him several times, and pointed out that the object he was speaking of was in such or such a place. Messenhauser received these corrections without being in the least degree hurt or offended. His whole manner and conduct convinced me that this was not a man destined by Providence to lead a great movement, nor to play any part in the peaceable organization of the State. He is entirely deficient in that decision and self-confidence, which, beside their effect on the individual, exert likewise so powerful an influence on all around. He is a thorough democrat, but this is by no means enough to justify his occupying any position above the common ranks. It is true he was fatigued this

evening; nevertheless the mental activity which a man possesses is visible even when he is weary or at rest, especially when called forth by important objects.

At midnight the Municipal Council was still in treaty with the Permanent Committee of the Diet, endeavouring to find some means by which Windischgrätz may so frame his stipulations as to render it possible for the City to accede to them. Windischgrätz has however now deigned, in addition to the hostages, to state the names of those persons whom he requires to be delivered up.

At a late hour I heard from the most authentic quarter, that, notwithstanding all the boasted strength of the City, it can only hold out against a first attack for one or at most two days. How dreadful if the people knew that they are marching to join in a combat in which victory is impossible! nevertheless a proclamation signed by Fenneberg states that all who speak discouragingly shall be dealt with by martial law. The City certainly cannot fulfill the conditions proposed by Windischgrätz,—it must be compelled to yield.

October 28th.

THIS then is the decisive day of battle. The distant roar of artillery is heard early in the morning; the *générale* is beaten in all the streets, the alarm-bell sounds from St. Stephen's, and the quick tread of cavalry is heard.

The house in which I am staying fronts one of the most crowded streets, and my apartment looks on to a small side street. I cannot describe the painful restlessness which overcomes me, sitting here quietly, whilst abroad thousands are engaged in the struggle of life and death. A Polish Deputy, who lives close by, came to call on me; he too could not remain alone in such a time of excitement. Conversation goes on, but the words drop unheard and unheeded. My landlady joined us; a younger sister of hers had come in from the suburbs with her little child; her husband was one of the National Guards, and engaged in the battle. By a sudden impulse all the inhabitants of the house were drawn together—persons who ordinarily never exchanged a word: people were conversing on the staircase, and in the

hall, although there was nothing to communicate, but a general feeling of anxiety. One had a brother, another a son, or a father, at that moment in the fight. I own that I had a feeling of shame at not being in arms myself. I need not explain here my personal position, and the considerations attached to it, nor was there any longer a question as to the object of the struggle—it was a general conflict, in which no one, however untrained, could remain an idle spectator. I had declared my readiness to devote my powers to the internal service of the city.

The people of the house had all come running together as if a sudden conflagration had broken out, and they now dispersed again on seeing that they could not extinguish it. The maid-servants ran to the gate of the courtyard, to satisfy their curiosity and report the news.

Several friends of well-known literary fame, some of whom lived in the other wing of the house, while the rest had come in from their dwellings in the suburbs, called on me. The minds of all were in a state of torturing suspense,—looking forward to the

approaching crisis, which was inevitable, but which at the same time must terminate the suffering.

A sitting of the Diet was fixed for noon today: we went thither armed. The sun shone gloriously, but the shops were all closed; only here and there a person appeared timidly, and vanished quickly again into some house or by-street. The quiet of the streets was like that of a calm moonlight night, when all are asleep, and the soft splendour from heaven is shed over the silent streets and houses. But there was no sleep here behind the house-walls.

The assembly of the Diet was postponed, and the hall closed; we therefore returned to my dwelling, and the hours which we now passed are among the most painful I spent during the whole of this period.

Nothing is more distressing at such a moment than to be condemned to share in the universal excitement, yet to remain merely a spectator of events. In this lies a world of restless and burning suffering, compared with which the feelings of those who are

abroad and armed on the bastions and barricades are happiness. The position of a spectator moreover is most difficult, not only at this moment, but during the whole of the present period: we have been drawn into a vortex, in which the cry of passion alone is heard; whoever does not speak from passionate feelings and appeal to the same, is scarcely heard, what he says produces no effect; he who endeavours to unite courage with discretion, falls into the dilemma, of endeavouring on the one hand to aid the general movement, and on the other of being forced back by witnessing the overwhelming tide of passion. The time may perhaps be at hand that will free us from this position.

In the evening I called on a young physician who had the charge of a military hospital in a casemated smithy in the bastion of the Rothen-Thurm. The Leopoldstadt, which lay opposite, was in the hands of the enemy. I was above on the bastion. As soon as any single soldier appeared on the other side, there was a general discharge of musketry from the bastion, which was answered only by single

shots. I returned below; and every time there was a report of arms, several National Guards came flying into the casemates. Those who were on guard however remained at their posts, and were resolved to fight to the last man.

The conflagration which raged around the city presented a fearful spectacle; the whole sky was reddened by the flames. The high-road and the Leopoldstadt are occupied by the troops: the city is crowded with fugitives from the suburbs.

October 29th.

The fourth Sunday. The whole city has the appearance of a man worn out with fatigue, who sits down to take breath, but is instantly impelled on again by restless impatience. There is an armistice. It is said that the Municipal Council and the Council of War have determined on a surrender, and, as the conditions demanded cannot be fulfilled, they have requested Windischgrätz to march into the city himself and to enforce their execution. But the simple fact that this is said, and yet that no one

knows the truth of the report, shows the hopeless confusion that prevails.

In the evening a meeting was summoned of men of trust, from all the Companies, to consult respecting the acceptation of the conditions. It was determined that an end should immediately be put to hostilities. The news of this raised violent excitement in all the street groups: some were for persuading the people not to lay down their arms, others endeavoured to calm them. As I was walking along the street, I heard a man in a troop exclaim, "The city is surrendered from want of powder and shot."—"No," cried another, "from over-abundance of treachery."

The foul turn which passion takes, when its hopes are destroyed, was now visible: men whose names had before been mentioned only with the highest veneration, were now denounced as despicable traitors. "Unmask yourselves!" exclaimed the National Guard and the Legion one to another in a tone of bitter scorn.

One citizen, on hearing that the surrender was

resolved upon, quietly unbuckled the strap from his musket, and put it into his pocket, saying, "I bought it and paid for it, thirty good kreutzers, and the imperial troops shall not have it, though I'm forced to give up my musket."

A great part of the citizens seemed inclined to resign themselves quietly to their fate, as inevitable; but the proletarians and the military deserters continued full of ardour for the fight: they marched about in large troops, occupied the bastions, and made every preparation for carrying on the struggle.

It was an unpardonable error, that the resolution which had been agreed upon to surrender the city was made public at night. How frightful to think of the horrors which may take place in such a night, with armed crowds roving about, refusing to yield and ready to dare everything! What power can prevent the most horrible outrage, indiscriminate murder and incendiarism?

I walked about the streets with several friends till late at night. All was still and quiet, as in a state of the profoundest peace. The people deserve

the highest praise, they are worthy of better leaders. In the midst of tumult and war, left almost wholly to themselves, they scrupulously refrain from disturbing the peace of domestic life. "Property is sacred" —was in many instances written by the people on the closed shops; and I was told by an eye-witness of the fact, that men in rags and tatters had gone to the Municipal Council, to deliver up plate, which they had taken from deserted houses in the suburbs, to save it from the hands of the Croats. Noble Viennese! the day of your glory will yet dawn, although you are now imprisoned amid swords and bayonets.

October 30*th*.

THE surrender is determined on; but the proclamation of the Commander-in-chief announcing this, which was placarded in the streets, is torn down by armed men, and I see only fragments of it here and there. What will be the end of this state of things? Already friends have actually to make themselves known, as we meet them in the streets,—so altered

is their appearance, by clipping their beards and hair and change of dress.

At noon the alarm was beaten again. What now? The Hungarians are come—at this moment fighting is going on. No one will believe it, and yet who can wish purposely to deceive? Every one again flies to arms. A wish I had long felt was now gratified; through a member of the Diet I obtained permission to ascend St. Stephen's tower with him. We found there a great excitement. Near the belfry, close to the watchman's dwelling, telescopes were fixed pointing in four directions. One person after another of those who were taking observations said aloud what he saw, and this was put down in writing in the little chamber. We were able to descry with tolerable distinctness the close of a battle: it was in the direction of Inzersdorf. I could plainly see the "Imperialists" load their field-pieces, the skirmishers lie down in the intrenchments, the cavalry drawn up, and from time to time wounded soldiers borne off. Messenhauser had already sent down the news, and spread it through the city on slips of paper, that

a battle had been descried, that nothing decisive could yet be ascertained, but that the people must be prepared for all hazards. It was also announced that the battle was drawing further off. Below in the city there was an incessant beating of drums. We mounted higher up the tower to Messenhauser, who was taking observations from the wooden balcony near the summit.

Messenhauser looked very much worn; he repeatedly drew out his telescope, and then shut it up again. Some one present observed, "The tragical watchword of our days, '*too late*' seems to hold good with the Hungarians." Messenhauser nodded, without answering.

Messenhauser was in a very critical position: in the city he was called a coward and traitor; and, actuated by a last enthusiastic hope, he was led, after the conclusion of the capitulation, to spread the news in print respecting the movements of troops outside the city, and, if not to command, yet to exhort the people pretty plainly to remain under arms.

Pressing demands were continually brought to Messenhauser from the city, stating that there was a general wish to attack the Leopoldstadt, and calling on him to give the necessary order: with this he declined to comply, yet at the same time he did not restrain the eagerness for battle. It must however be observed that, had he energetically opposed these demands, his head would have instantly paid the penalty. All the curse attendant upon indecision and half measures lowered upon the country around with the evening mists which were now falling. The Committee of Students, which had been dissolved, and had again assembled on the approach of the Hungarians, had already sent a requisition to Messenhauser, stating that from his total want of energy he had forfeited the general confidence, and demanding that he should immediately resign his command. Messenhauser took the paper from the student who brought it, read it twice, nodded, and quietly folding the letter handed it to me, observing, "What say you to this?"

"You will of course answer," I said, "that you

can only resign your command into the hands of those from whom you received it. You were chosen by the General Staff, and not by the Committee of Students." He asked me for my pencil and wrote his answer.

At dusk other messengers arrived, and amongst the rest Dr. Becher and Löbenstein. They demanded Messenhauser's unconditional and immediate resignation: Fenneberg was to succeed him. I spoke eagerly against this proceeding, and had a violent discussion with Becher. A National Guard, who had accompanied the others, drew me aside, and whispered, "Your talking thus may cost you your head. Fenneberg is at this very minute Commander-in-chief; Messenhauser may now do as he likes."

Messenhauser descended the tower with the deputation; he kept on his cap, and left his tschako with its white feathers lying on the bench. An involuntary shudder came over me,—there lay the tschako, but what may happen to the head which it covered, should Messenhauser persist in his refusal to resign?

We remained on the tower until night had quite

closed in, when we descried at a great distance the reflection of three large camp-fires in the horizon. The director of the corps of observation, who was an experienced soldier, maintained that the Hungarians were undoubtedly driven back; others, more sanguine, declared that the third fire must be that of the Landsthurm, who had been called out and were hastening to our assistance.

We went down into the watchman's room. A difference had arisen amongst the corps of observation, and the general feeling seemed to be particularly directed against one moody young man, who had all along been at Messenhauser's elbow, and had now taken his tschako to carry it to him. Here was an instance of the way in which, after a defeat, quarrels, hitherto restrained, break out amongst companions and friends. The feeling of vexation occasioned by events at large, but which cannot vent itself upon these, shows itself in minor ways.

As we were on the point of descending the tower, an order arrived, that six signal-rockets should be fired, at regular intervals within a quarter of an hour,

from the top of St. Stephen's tower: the order was signed, Fenneberg, Commander-in-chief *ad interim*. The change therefore had taken place.

The rockets were fired off, and the crowds below shouted for joy at each discharge of these signals. As we descended the dark winding staircase we heard the loud huzzas.

We went to the University: a wild scene presented itself in the court-yard of the Aula. Piles of arms were heaped up, which had been brought thither from the suburbs and by the citizens. A large body of women had armed themselves; and one in particular, with her hair drest *à l'enfant*, kept flourishing her right arm in the air, looking up to the stars, and exclaiming wildly against the cowardice of the men, who submitted to be shamed by women. This troop of Amazons marshalled themselves and marched toward the city. It was a disgusting farce.

But there was more cause for fear from a crowd of men who now collected, exclaiming, "Let's go about in the city, and kill every Imperialist (black-and-yellow) we meet!" From the top of the flight

of stone steps I tried to address the excited crowd: many kept up a disturbance and would not hear a word, but one man shouted out with a lusty voice, "Silence! he is a student—let's hear him!" I then explained to them that it was impossible to find out their enemies, and that they would only murder the innocent. A Styrian, who came up just then, assisted me in quieting the people. One of the men however exclaimed, "There's enough talk—let us march at once to the Burg, and burn the throne and saw off the head of the Emperor Francis!" The crowd was quickly marshalled and marched off.

I went up to the Committee. On the stairs I was told that the Hungarians had answered the rocket-signals. We knew better, and that this was not the case. The news had however spread, and no one listened to our denial of the fact: there was a general desire to give faith to everything that tended to keep up the spirit of the people. The head-quarters had been removed hither, to the university. Amongst others I met here Becher and Robert Blum: the latter appeared not to give full credit to

my representation of the state of affairs concerning the Hungarians: he was in a very excited mood.

Many of the popular leaders came in, and declared that neither they nor the men under them would hear of laying down their arms. If things came to extremities, they would cut their way through the enemy and fly to Hungary.

We went in company with a member of the Committee of Students to an hotel, for we were all famished. On our way we looked in at the guard-room of the Garde Mobile in St. Stephen's square. The men were drawn up in the square, and leaning on their muskets were singing all kinds of songs, etc. Throughout the whole events of this time no one song had been adopted by the people, with words expressive of the general spirit and feeling.

A young man in the guard-room whispered something in the ear of the officer in command, whereupon the latter said aloud, "Did I not know you so well, I would arrest you as a traitor." It seems that every representation of the true state of things is now regarded as treason.

The student who was with us fell into a violent quarrel with two members of the Municipal Council. A student had been deputed to wait upon the latter body, and demand in the name of the Committee the dismissal of Messenhauser and the appointment of Fenneberg in his place. To this demand the Municipal Council had abruptly answered, that they should do no such thing,—that the students had no longer power to give orders, and had better go to school and learn. This was a severe lecture; but now that there was a general breaking up, those bodies of men who had before acted in harmony and concert fell out and quarrelled.

It was quite affecting to see several students who entered the room one after another—young men full of vigour and courage: grief, depicted in their faces and in their words, seemed completely to weigh them down, as they expressed their sorrow that they had not fallen on the barricades, at such or such a spot: death—death was all they desired. I observed one fine young man in particular, sitting motionless on a chair, with his

arms crossed on his breast, and staring vacantly, as he muttered to himself, "All is lost, all . . . ."

What a noble and devoted spirit has animated this whole population, and how shamefully has it been sacrificed by the leaders! This very night may bring scenes of horror,—the disorganization is general.

October 31*st.*

THE night has passed over quietly. No certain information can be obtained respecting the Hungarians until near noon, when the fog has cleared off. The *rappel* is again beaten, and the alarm-bells rung.

A proclamation is issued, signed by Messenhauser and Fenneberg, calling upon the people to lay down their arms, as the Hungarians are defeated. Who has ordered the bells to be rung and the alarm to be beaten?

I went up St. Stephen's tower. The corps of observation had no longer any chief: this sufficiently showed the state of things. Little could be observed:

the mist, and then a violent gust of wind, whirling aloft immense clouds of dust, shut out any distant view. At length large masses of troops, as yet undistinguishable, were seen advancing toward the city. This news was written on a slip of paper, which was placed in a round box, and let down through a tin tube: at the same time a bell-rope was pulled, to give notice to the guard on the ground-floor of the arrival of the news, which was to be forwarded. The signal was answered by another bell from below, intimating that the box was received.

Firing was heard from all the bastions, which was sharply answered from the side of the Leopoldstadt. Nevertheless it was generally suspected that the "Imperialists" would not attempt to enter on that side, and that it was only a feigned attack, made with a view to engage the attention of the people on this quarter. It was no longer safe to venture upon the outside balcony, as the canister-shot already reached that point. There was nothing to wait for longer, and I followed a friend who had descended the tower. It was near three o'clock. Hardly had

I reached the street, when I suddenly heard a fearful roar of cannon from the Burg: one report followed another in quick succession, while the rockets flew whizzing aloft over our heads. The people in the streets kept close to the houses; but it was impossible to get along, for the inhabitants, in their fright and anxiety, threw all the arms they possessed out of the windows, to get rid of every sign of resistance. I stood up under an open arched passage, near the Café Français: a number of others, men and women, had also sought refuge there. Presently a rocket came whizzing down the palace of the Archbishop and fell close to us: it burned for some time on the pavement, and at length we took it up: the empty case emitted a strong mephitic smell.

Hundreds of muskets, swords and pistols were lying in open magazines in the square of the "Brand." A student, who was with us, called to a workman passing quietly along with an axe on his shoulder; they managed together to raise the flat stone which covered the underground sewer, and concealed in

the latter all the arms it would hold, after which they replaced the stone. No sooner had they done this, than the people came running out of the houses, exclaiming that this would bring suspicion on them all; they lifted up the stone again, and took out the arms.

Meanwhile the roar of cannon continued incessantly: balls, grenades and rockets flew aloft in all directions. On a sudden there was a general cry of "Fire!" and signs were made to the people, who were standing at the windows of a house at one corner of the square, to escape—the building was in flames. A rocket had entered the house and the roof caught fire. There was a rush to extinguish the flames; the inhabitants quickly descended, and the fire was soon put out. The mistress of the house hastened down into the cellar, and got out all kinds of spirits, to propitiate the Croats when they should arrive. A workman came up, and with tears in his eyes showed us a fragment of a grenade which had killed a comrade of his whilst he had hold of his hand.

The thunder of the artillery continued uninterruptedly. Presently up came a troop of armed men, and amongst them the one-eyed corporal whom we had met in the recruiting-tent: they rated us soundly for standing there unarmed, exclaiming, "The Hungarians are come! they are on the road just outside the city, and have beaten the Imperialists, who are now flying into the city. We must drive them back; one battle more, and all is won!" The one-eyed fellow kept all the while exclaiming, "The Hungarians are come!" No one however joined this troop, and they quietly went their way.

The square before St. Stephen's, on which the sun shone brightly, was again quite clear. A single cannon was left standing there, but some men soon came and pushed it away. Dr. Becher passed by, walking in the middle of the street unarmed, and with both hands stuck into the pockets of his rusty-coloured coat. When he saw me, he nodded and passed on. There was again not a person in the square, and the discharge of artillery was still heard incessantly outside the city. A drummer came

round the corner, in his shirt-sleeves, beating a deafening alarm, but no one answered to it.

I again went up the tower of St. Stephen's: there was dreadful confusion. A private of the Municipal Guard arrived, bringing a written order from the Municipal Council, that a white flag should instantly be hoisted, or that otherwise all the persons who were in St. Stephen's would be dealt with by martial law. We had no white flag. Several now entered the apartment of the watchman's wife, and taking a clean sheet hoisted it in place of a white flag. Presently afterwards came other people, exclaiming that we were all dead men, that the proletarians and military deserters would not allow the white flag to be hoisted, and would slay all whom they should find in St. Stephen's as the perpetrators of the act. We left the tower to take care of itself, and repaired to a neighbouring hotel. It was awful to hear the crowd under a gateway, amidst scornful laughter and the roar of artillery, shouting the song "Gott erhalte unsern Kaiser," and in the pauses hooting and uttering the bitterest impreca-

tions on the House of Habsburg. In the vaulted wine-room, which was lighted with gas, we found a large assemblage of persons. A stout man sat down by me, and addressed me by my name. I did not recognize him, until his voice told me that it was Dr. Frank. His flowing beard had vanished, and he had assimilated his whole appearance to the description given in a passport which he carried about him, and which designated him as an opera-singer. An author, who was with him, said to me confidentially, "Now begins the time of secret conspiracies: these must help us . . . " I will not believe this,—it cannot be: with a free press and the right of public meeting, conspiracies are sheer madness. It would be dreadful were young men to let themselves be seduced to enter on such a path.

A glass-door suddenly opened, and a new guest rushed in, exclaiming, "The soldiers are here!" There was a deathlike silence: at last a man called out, "When they come, we shall bid them good evening." The talking then re-commenced.

We went out. The roar of the artillery was silenced. I returned home. A great fire was visible in the direction of the Burg.

During my absence, the people of the house, in their anxiety, had carried my weapons also into the street.

The husband of the young woman, who with her child had taken refuge with our hostess, entered soon after me. He was unhurt, and the meeting of the young couple was deeply touching. The man had not long been seated, when he said, "Wife, do you know what I should like above all things? I long like a child to hear a little good music again: for weeks we have heard nothing but the sound of drums and fire-arms. Ay, a little good music—that's what I should like." Strange as may appear this readiness to revert to old and customary enjoyments after such scenes, it is perhaps a genuine type of the Viennese character.

I was called to my apartment. One of the principal editors of the ultra journals was there. I accompanied him to his hiding-place. The trembling

timidity which this young man manifested in passing along the streets, contrasted strongly with the shouts and rejoicing of the people and the soldiery.

So little organized was the democratic party, there was such a total want of mutual understanding, that one of the most active leaders actually knew no house, no family of his party willing to receive him in the hour of need. This is one of the strongest proofs, that all the radical agitation here was a mere bagful of smoke. This man was not one of the persons whom Windischgrätz had required to be delivered up, and the friend who had before expressed his readiness to offer him an asylùm, was now sullen and grumbling when matters became serious: he had not the courage to break his word, but he put an ill face upon the matter and was silent*.

On my return across the square "Am Hofe," I

* I must here observe, that I have the fullest means of knowing that those persons who shared in the events of October, were not assisted by money from Hungary. It is possible that the soldiers may have received a trifling amount, but most of the leaders had to borrow money when they fled. [See Appendix A. *infra*, p. 228.—TRANSL.]

saw some men of gigantic figure—grenadiers—working with sledge-hammers by torchlight: they had destroyed the lamppost on which Latour had been hung, and were now working to shatter and root up the stump of the post; close by lay the pile of iron: at every stroke the crowd raised a loud hurrah. All trace of the barbarous act was to be swept from the earth; and yet who knows how many of the very people who now stood by shouting, were equally vociferous at the sight of the murder?

The houses were illuminated up to the fifth story, and everywhere white flags—curtains, sheets, etc.—were hung out upon poles. Many of the honest citizens had tied white handkerchiefs round their left arm as flags of peace. They conversed with the soldiers, who were drawn up in all the streets, and I continually heard expressions of compassion when the latter related the hardships they had suffered.

A great body of flames was rising from the Burg, —the library and church of the Augustines were on fire.

The Croats roved about the streets in swarms, in quest of plunder. One of my friends, a well-known author from Prussian Saxony, was stopped by them and searched for powder: they rifled all his pockets, until one of them found his watch, with which he decamped, shouting out, "Powder! powder!"

Gentlemen and ladies were seen walking arm-in-arm in the streets, feeling more safe there than in the houses. The whole city was all at once filled with soldiers, as if by magic; wherever we turned, troops were drawn up. There was a powerful excitement, and the soldiers were probably as much in fear of the Viennese, as the latter were of them: the soldiers seemed to believe that there was still a desperate party lying in wait to surprise and attack them.

We often see in pictures of the old masters, whilst the attention of the principal group is fixed upon the central action of the piece, some child introduced in the foreground occupied with a trifle, a plaything, and forgetting in its little amusement all that is passing around, however attractive or

exciting. This is a picture—seen amidst great events and in troubled periods—of that quiet life which keeps on its silent course undisturbed by all outward circumstances.

I was in a cigar-shop, when a dark-featured soldier entered and demanded cigars; a handful were given him. "Do you also come from Windischgrätz?" said the shopwoman's little son. "Nix deutsch!" answered the soldier as he walked away.

"When you grow older, you can also learn Croatian," said the mother to her boy, who understood nothing of what passed. Poor child, he will indeed learn it, for from this very evening the word has gone forth, "Nix deutsch!"

Those people in the streets who were able to speak Czechish and Croatian thought themselves lucky, and entered into eager conversation with the soldiers; but as soon as any one began to talk in "good Viennese," he received the general answer, "Nix deutsch!"

November 1st.

Is German Austria destined to become the Alsace of the Slavonic empire, and Vienna the Slavonic Strasburg? Up to this time the German element has always had a preponderating influence, and if all the States of Austria were to assemble today, the Hungarians and Croats included, to form a Diet, they would and must adopt the German language. But it may be questionable whether, especially after the Czechs and Croats have actually taken Vienna by force of arms, a new state of things may not date from the present day, accompanied by entirely new claims and pretensions. Yesterday commenced an historical æra in Austria; there will now arise the fixed claims of new nationalities, or rather of those which have yet to be formed. "I wish I may prove a false prophet," said a clear-sighted statesman to me, "but I foresee that it will come to pass ere long, that a new absolutist policy will hatch new nationalities, hitherto hardly dreamt of, to control and fetter one another by mutual jealousies."

The struggle between the German and the Czech-

ish-Slavonic nationalities is an unequal one. In the Germans the national character and pride has sluggishly fallen asleep; their history is great and glorious, but this exerts no active influence at the present time: it exists rather in books, and in the memory of learned men. The new establishment of a nationality in Germany can carry into the future nothing that will impart to it energy, vigour, and progress, except the moral and intellectual advantages which it possesses. The great mass of the Germans here in Austria, as elsewhere, are destitute of that salutary consciousness of their own nationality which we find in other independent countries; and the educated classes generally give themselves up to the new cosmopolitanism which is trumpeted about as so philosophical. They may one day feel what this means, when they come to receive the bread of charity from a stranger.

The Czechish-Slavonic nationality was formed under Metternich into a masked political opposition; and now that for the first time the mask is thrown off, it appears all the more bold and courageous.

The Czechish-Slavonic nationality is forced and unnatural, and kept in perpetual agitation without much regard to the means employed: what the people want in knowledge and education, as compared with the Germans, is compensated by martial enthusiasm and a thirst for conquest. Thus the struggle of nationalities is of unequal intensity.

As long as German Austria is intimately bound up with Germany at large, new vigour of life and development will be mutually imparted by these countries, and it will be impossible for the Czechish-Slavonic ambition to keep down Germanism, or even to undermine it gradually. But if Austria is separated from Germany, the national power of Germanism will be more than endangered. Were it possible for Germany to succeed in accomplishing a firm consolidation without Austria, Germany could never be perfect and complete. An ancient commentary explains why the patriarch Jacob, pious and resigned as he was, would not be comforted for the loss of his son Joseph, whose bloody dress was brought to him as a proof of his death,—a deep, secret feeling told

him that Joseph was still alive, and consolation can only be found for the loss of one who is really dead. Notwithstanding appearances Austria is not dead, and we cannot and will not find consolation until she has again been admitted into the living family.

There is quite a new population in the streets, a general unmasking. On every side the little attentions to dress, smart gloves and the like, are again to be seen,—luxuries which for weeks have been wholly unknown; and what a quantity of beards and long locks have fallen since yesterday! The German and Calabrian hats are exchanged for the ordinary, tasteless cylinder.

We wished to go to the Diet; it has been closed by Schwarzenberg. The Diet held a secret meeting, at which it prorogued its sittings till the 15th, to assemble again in Vienna at that time.

The Diet closed by the troops! All the boasted liberty of the people is illusory and an empty cheat, so long as the soldiery are held in constant readiness to cut short the debates with violence at any moment. In all the movements in Germany therefore

the chief object of attack is the military power. We have been, and are still, kept in thraldom by this power. Notwithstanding all the professions of attachment and good faith, of the common interests of the people and the princes, the power of the princes is still supported by bayonets, and the popular spirit is everywhere subjected and kept subject by force of arms. The National Guard, as it has hitherto existed, is merely a necessary but weak measure of protection,—allowed to act just so long as the rulers please. A radical reform in the military system is the first task of the new Constitution.

Vienna then is taken, and it is perfectly clear to every eye that new Austria is old Austria over again, seeking and finding its centre of gravity in the army. But will the Emperor ever be able to re-enter captured Vienna, and the castle of his forefathers now battered by cannon? This point was not well considered when the Court party forced Vienna into revolution.

Such thoughts press themselves upon us in one form or another amidst all the confusion that reigns

around. The State has abandoned its proper centre of gravity in the Diet, and transferred it to the army. The struggle will now begin anew.

In the past period it might sometimes be said, and justly, that single individuals and their modes of thought were superior to the circumstances in which they were placed: the observation may now be reversed. Events arise as if self-created: the noisy ultra-democratic leaders and the cunning diplomatists deceive themselves and others when they pretend to have accomplished this or that event: the whole power consists now in taking advantage of circumstances as they occur. History plays with men, whilst they fancy themselves to be leaders: the law of necessity, in opposition to free-will, which has hitherto been taught by philosophy, is now seen in action in every street. Whoever maintains the influence of a Providence in political events, must co-operate in the fulfilment of its purposes. It is much to be feared that diplomacy will understand better to take advantage of circumstances than democracy ever could . . .

What a new aspect of life on every side! The

Croats go sneaking about singly among the smartly drest citizens: one of them told a friend of mine who was walking with me, and who understood Croatian, that they had been forbidden to plunder, and therefore went about begging instead. They will only take coin, having no faith in paper-money.

There is much talk of the horrible acts which the Croats have perpetrated in the suburbs. Under the pretext—in most cases a false one—that shots had been fired from this or that house, they forced their way into private dwellings, murdering and plundering at pleasure; but I refrain from enumerating the deeds of horror related, which are the natural result of hordes of barbarians being let loose in a German metropolis. Yonder house is surrounded —there is a search for a ringleader. In the dwelling of one of my acquaintances, the soldiers, who were searching for a young man, carried off all the silver-mounted pipes within reach. A German officer accompanied by some soldiers was examining the apartment of a Deputy, who himself told me the fact, when on finding Thiers' History of the French Revo-

lution lying on the table, the officer overwhelmed him with reproaches, declaring that he would not suffer a Deputy to read such books. This officer, according to my landlord, bears a well-known name, on which the best hopes are fixed beyond the limits of Austria. But I cannot bring myself to pen down from report any more of the hundreds of magnanimous acts achieved by these restorers of order!

In the evening the streets presented a curious spectacle: in all the squares the soldiers were clustered around their watchfires and singing; there were to be heard all the various tongues and the national songs of many-headed Austria. The Czechs, near St. Stephen's Church, were making a great noise, singing, "Schuselka nam pice,"—a song full of derision of Germany.

November 2nd.

SAD thoughts weigh upon the spirit: is it ever to be thus, that a nation can only become free through such suffering? Did Austria not endure enough during her long servitude, and the suppression of

every free impulse and action? Must her wounds still remain open, and the peace of family life still be destroyed? Does every emancipation necessarily demand its martyrs? Austria had obtained her freedom admirably, almost peacefully. Is it a necessary historical law, that a revolution, even when victorious, must proceed on in one course incessantly, until it has fully attained all its objects, or suffered a sanguinary defeat? The freedom which we have attained in Germany suffers from secret doubt, distrust, and jealousy, such as we often observe in private life. We cannot yet believe that the princes are seriously in earnest about establishing new relations with the people.

This afternoon Jellachich entered the city in triumph on his charger, surrounded by his staff, and accompanied by the Sereczans and Red-Mantles. The Sereczans kept continually shouting "Vivat, vivat, vivat!" and I am pained to say that the cry was echoed by the people around. The Viennese have learned all kinds of exclamations, *Eljen*, *Zivio*, *Eviva*, etc.

I cannot but believe that the people stifled their real inward feeling from fear of the enemy. The worst thing that can lay hold of one's mind at such a time would be contempt of the people. Ladies in particular were waving their white handkerchiefs from every window, and saluting Jellachich, who bowed courteously on every side. He is a powerful man, with a countenance which bears the traces of an eventful life. The appearance of the Red-Mantles is a mixture of the gipsy and the bandit: they wear a red cap on their head, and a long red cloak reaching nearly to the ground, with a hood of the same colour. A red jacket, trimmed with lace, which in the officers' dress is of gold, an ornamented belt round their waist, in which are stuck pistols and a dagger, tight-fitting yellow trowsers and red laced boots, compose the costume of the Sereczans, as they marched through the streets shouldering their muskets*.

* [The Sereczans are a peculiar kind of mounted Police of the Frontier, who have a very martial and singular costume. But the name, although originally designating the Police, or rather the Preventive Service, of the Military Frontier, has

The triumphal procession had passed, and the huzzas were still heard at a distance, when a troop of soldiers issued from a side-street, leading a prisoner in the midst of them, drest in a brown paletot. The man had pressed his hat over his eyes, and his look was fixed on the ground: in his buttonhole he wore the black-red-gold ribbon. The bystanders hardly ventured to look at him.

In the newspapers which we received today through a private channel, we read that the Frankfort Parliament have accepted the second and third sections of the proposed Constitution, whilst Jellachich had written to the "Slowanska Lipa" at Prague, that he was marching upon Vienna, because there were congregated the enemies of Slavonism, whom he must subdue.

The German flag has everywhere disappeared, and the black and yellow standard floats from St. Stephen's tower. No one passes without looking up at it,

been extended by Jellachich, and become a general appellation for the mounted force of Croatia and the Military Frontier.—TRANSL.]

and many appear to regard this as the hardest measure Windischgrätz has inflicted on them: they loved the German colours, although they were unable to stand by them. The statue of the Emperor Joseph, whose hand was the last to part with the German flag, now holds a black and yellow one in its place. But I have written enough of affairs here.

November 9th.

"It is impossible—it is too horrible—they dare not—so many lies are told, one can no longer believe anything!"—Such were the exclamations on every side when the news first spread that Robert Blum had been shot: and yet one person after another asserted that he had been told the fact by an eye-witness, or had heard it second-hand. One's hair stands on end at such an atrocity: it cannot be—they durst not have gone so far!

We could bear the suspense no longer: it was said that the corpse of Robert Blum was lying in the City Hospital; I hastened thither with one of the Deputies. The body was not there; we were told

that perhaps it might be in the Military Hospital; none of the young medical men would accompany me thither,—so great was the fear of being subjected to a secret inquisition merely from inquiring after the dead body. It was night when I reached the Military Hospital: the court-yard and the lower rooms were filled with soldiers. The keeper of the hall in which the bodies lay was absent: a student, who was standing by, said to me, "No one can enter now; and," added he, "there is only the corpse of Robert Blum . . ."

Then it is true! and endless misery will spring to life from yon lifeless body. I heard further particulars of Blum's death. Until yesterday afternoon he had been a prisoner in the same room with Froebel: they were then separated. This morning at five o'clock his sentence of death was announced to him. He quietly said, "It comes not unexpected." The priest of the Schottenthor, in whose parish the prison of Blum was situated, came to receive his confession. Blum said that he was not in the habit of practising confession, and the priest replied that

he was aware of it. Blum then wrote a letter to his wife, in which he exhorted her to bear her fate with courage and firmness, and to bring up his children in such a manner as not to disgrace his name, which was honoured by his dying for liberty. He then conversed with the priest on the subject of immortality. Three riflemen and an officer conducted him to the Brigittenau. In walking to the place of execution he stopped several times, breathing hard. He requested that his eyes might remain unbandaged. The officer replied that this could not be allowed, as it was done on account of the soldiers; and Blum himself bound the handkerchief over his eyes.

A barbarous proceeding was then enacted, which shows the obsolete nature of the formalities that are still perpetuated. When the delinquent was ready for execution, the Provost-marshal stepping up to the commanding officer said, in the usual words, "Colonel, I beg mercy for the poor sinner." "No," was the answer. "Colonel, I beg mercy for the poor sinner," repeated the Provost. "No," was again

the reply. A third time the Provost exclaimed, "Colonel, in God's name and by His mercy I beg grace for the poor sinner!" Thereupon the Colonel said, "With men there is no longer grace for him, there is mercy alone with God." The word was then given to fire. Is it not a piece of inhuman barbarity to torment a dying man with such a farce? As long as the prince, who had the power to grant mercy, was himself present at the execution, this formality had a meaning,—it is now a mere mockery.

Blum fell pierced by three balls: one lodged in his forehead, the others in his breast. His last words were,—"From every drop of my blood a martyr of freedom will arise." And his words will come true, but woe to those who compel the betrayed nations to win their freedom through streams of blood! If the demons of vengeance are thus let loose, what power remains capable of restraining them? Where will all this end, and what horrors may we still have to witness!

In the first storm of conquest, sword in hand, to strike down opposition, or to pass sentence of death

after a hasty trial, are acts which may be explained and even excused as the effects of passion, or as measures necessary for safety or to repress opposition by terror, seeing that men still persist in appealing from the force of their reason to the force of arms. But now, when the city has been disarmed and humbled, and at the mercy of barbarian hordes, —*now*, with murderous haste and secrecy, even without allowing any defence, without publicly calling any witnesses, to hurry a man to his grave,—one moreover whose character as a representative of the people claimed protection and respect,—is an act unpalliated by any pretext of necessity, and which surely no one will venture to say was required, because, amidst a general and *lawful* popular rising, Robert Blum used the same language and the same weapons as almost every inhabitant of Vienna. Where such things come to pass, all reason and argument, spoken or written, are lost.

As I was leaving the Military Hospital, a troop of soldiers had just arrived. In the midst of them walked two men, carrying a bier, on the cover of

which was a black cross: within it lay another man, who had been shot. Who may this be? whose heart has ceased to beat? I could not ask the soldiers,—their answer—I knew it—would have been, "*Nix deutsch!*"

APPENDIX*.

(A.)

SINCE the entrance of Jellachich into Hungary, a fevcrish excitement prevailed at Vienna amongst the democratic party, the students, and the lower classes: there was a general feeling that Jellachich was advancing, not as he pretended in the interest of Croatia, but to abet the views of the reactionary party, and that a victory of the Croatians in Hungary would not fail to produce its effect in Vienna. This foreboding was further confirmed, when the Hungarians published in the official journal of the Hungarian Government an intercepted correspondence from the head-quarters of Jellachich, and distributed thou-

* [The Translator is indebted for the particulars given in this Appendix to the kindness of a Gentleman who is fully and personally acquainted with the facts.]

sands of copies of it in Vienna. In this correspondence the officers of the Croatian army declare loudly that Vienna was the real object of their march, where they would deliver the Emperor from the tyranny of the Aula and the people: and Jellachich himself thanks the Austrian Minister of War, Latour, for the succours he had received from him. From some declarations of the Minister of War it was further known, that plans were being made to dissolve the Academic Legion, to re-organize the National Guard, and to declare a state of siege in Vienna: it was only the interference of the Diet that prevented these measures being carried into execution, by means of an artificially excited *émeute* in September. The democratic party, which since March had always been victorious whenever it had acted, which had overthrown the ministers Ficquelmont, Pillersdorf and Schwarzer, and on the 15th and 26th of May had by their mere appearance extorted the most incredible concessions,—this party did not hesitate to prepare for the catastrophe. The brilliant speeches of Tausenau in the Odeon,

before an audience of many thousands of all classes, filled the Viennese with enthusiasm, they not being yet accustomed to such eloquence; and numberless festivals, in which the soldiers of the garrison fraternized with the Academic Legion, were arranged in order to excite among the military a sympathy with the population, which was for the most part democratic.

On the other side the reactionary party were not idle: they organized the Constitutional Monarchy Club, under the presidency of Dr. Vivenot: their organs preached loudly the most specific and unmitigated Austrianism and the liberal absolutism. To the black-red-gold ribbons and banners, those marks of the democratic Germans, were opposed the old Imperial black-yellow colours; although the German banner waved on the imperial palace of Schönbrunn by order of the Emperor. The Constitutional Monarchy Club was chiefly recruited from the stock-jobbers, great merchants and manufacturers and hackney-coachmen. The Democratic Club comprised physicians, advocates, students, artizans and

labourers; and as neither party was backward in the use of irritating language and conduct, collisions, which often ended in blows, were daily witnessed.

Such was the state of the inhabitants of Vienna, when on a sudden, instead of the expected defeat of the Hungarians and the entry of the Ban into Pesth, information was received at Vienna, on the 2nd of October, that Jellachich was at Raab and marching against Vienna. No one could explain what this meant, for no one gave credit to a victory of the Hungarians, whose army at that time consisted merely of 3000 regular troops, besides volunteers, and badly armed militia, whilst the Croatians according to the official returns had crossed the Drave 65,000 strong. On the 3rd and 4th the reports were confirmed: Jellachich had really altered his march and plan of operations: his troops advanced from Raab towards Vienna; they were already in Ungrisch Altenburg, but still his intention was not known. For the victory of the Hungarians at Sukoró was officially concealed; and thus the movements of the Croatian army, which were in reality nothing more

than a retreat towards the nearest Austrian frontier, assumed the appearance of offensive operations. The disquiet at Vienna increased, while stocks *rose* on the Exchange, for the Vienna Gazette of the 4th contained an Imperial Manifesto, by which Hungary was placed under martial law, the Diet dissolved, and Jellachich appointed Civil and Military Governor of that country, with discretionary power of life and death. This measure was looked upon by the democratic party as a prelude to a state of siege at Vienna, and to the dissolution of the Austrian Constituent Diet; all the friends of freedom and progress were terrified, for it was now evident that the course which had been followed by the ministry of Wessenberg, Dobblhof and Bach, which still affected to call itself democratic, must necessarily lead to bloody conflicts, perhaps to civil war,—at any rate to the rule either of the sabre or of the barricades.

A great meeting of the democratic party was summoned in the colossal Odeon for the 5th. Tausenau spoke on the subject of "Jellachich before the gates

of Vienna." Even the earlier speeches of this popular orator had drawn together great masses of people: now every one rushed to the Odeon, which could not contain the audience, collected by curiosity and excitement; for it had just been made known that the German battalion of Grenadiers, Richter, which had always at the fraternization feasts shown the greatest sympathy for the Viennese, had received orders to set out for Hungary and join Jellachich's army. The war then against the Hungarians, who were connected with Vienna by so many personal and business relations, was *de facto* resolved upon by the Ministry: the German garrison of Vienna was to be removed, and the Slavic battalions, who had always shown themselves hostile to the Viennese, were to be reinforced.

In presence of a meeting excited by this news and by the approach of Jellachich, Tausenau spoke with the glow and the talents of a distinguished orator: he spoke of the rights which Vienna by its glorious revolution had won for the whole Monarchy, and which now were to be torn from them by rob-

ber-hordes of Croats: he spoke of the reaction which was only watching an opportunity to chastise Vienna for having risen in March,—of the ties which bound up the prosperity of Vienna with Hungary,—of the torch which, now hurled into a brother country, would soon blaze up and reach Austria. His eloquent words found an echo in a thousand breasts: they were the match thrown into the powder-magazine—the explosion could not be far off.

Tausenau had hardly ended his speech when the students spread into all the taverns in the city and suburbs, where the Grenadiers were found singly or in small parties taking their parting cup. These latter were already discontented with their removal; they unwillingly exchanged the capital, in which they had always been kindly treated, for a war in Hungary, and for a comradeship with the regiments of the Military Frontier, so notorious for their thievery. In these sentiments they were confirmed by the students, who sought to prove to them that the Emperor was not at war with Hungary, that this war was merely, as Jellachich declared in his procla-

mations, for the protection of the Croatian interests against Magyar encroachments, and consequently had nothing to do either with the Emperor or with German troops,—that, even if it were necessary for troops to march, the Polish battalion Nassau would at any rate more properly be sent to join the Slavonian army of Jellachich, than they the fine fellows of Upper Austria, the friends of Vienna and the students. The soldiers were treated with beer and wine: but the assertion made later by the organs of the state of siege, that money, Hungarian money, was distributed among them, is totally false.

Early in the morning of the 6th of October the command was given to march; the battalion turned out, and moved through the Leopoldstadt to the Tabor bridge and the Presburg railway. The soldiers murmured loudly: exclamations were heard in their ranks, "We will not march against the Hungarians; the Hungarians are our brothers! the Emperor is not at war with the Hungarians: the Poles, the battalion Nassau shall go to Jellachich,—we will remain in Vienna." Still they continued their march.

The singularity of the spectacle had drawn together crowds of spectators, and when the battalion came to the Danube, the students were drawn up on the Prater Dam in arms, but not in companies, among the workmen of the Prater, and called out to the soldiers, "You are our brothers, do not leave us!" and, "We will not let you go; you must remain here!" During this scene of confusion the workmen had broken down one of the piles of the Tabor bridge; the departure was stopped for some time, as the unarmed populace placed themselves in masses before the bridge, and rendered its repair impossible. The artillery officers galloped into the city; the battalion Nassau marched out with four guns to force the passage; but a part of the National Guard was also there, and placed itself on the side of the workmen and students, who continued to excite the Grenadiers to make common cause with them. This took place at last at about ten o'clock: the Grenadiers left their officers and went over to the people. At this moment a shot was fired, without effect; but immediately thereupon General Predy gave the command

to fire. Some workmen fell dead: the Students and the Grenadiers returned the fire, and at the first discharge General Predy fell. The cannons were now brought up; but hardly were they discharged, before workmen and students, without thinking of their foremost rank who were rolling in their blood, threw themselves upon the guns, cut down the artillery-men, and turned the six-pounders, which had just been fresh loaded, against the battalion Nassau. One of the cannons fell into the Danube, three remained in the hands of the victors; the Poles were obliged to retire in haste. Meanwhile the *générale* was beaten in the streets: the National Guard had mustered in the city: the radical companies of the suburbs Wieden and Landstrasse were drawn up on the open space before St. Stephen's, and by their side the Black-yellow Guards of the interior of the city, principally from the quarter of the Carinthian Gate. When the cannonade in the Prater was heard in the city, the men of the suburbs wished to sound the alarm with the great bell of St. Stephen's cathedral, but the people of the Carinthian Gate quarter opposed it.

From the window of the house called "Brandstatt" three shots are fired upon the Wieden National Guards. Immediately the conflict rages in the city: National Guards fire upon National Guards: the Black-yellow Guards are put to flight; the Captain of the Carinthian Gate quarter is pursued into the cathedral, and after a long defence falls mortally wounded on its steps.

It was now three o'clock in the afternoon; the gates of the city had been closed, but the Pioneers and the battalion Nassau, with the workmen, students and Grenadiers forced their way into the city, with three captured pieces of cannon and ammunition-waggons. A terrible contest rages hand to hand in the narrow streets of Vienna; barricades are erected, the military fire upon the people; the pavement is dyed with blood: the people press forward on all sides: the guns are again captured and turned against the soldiers, who, taken by surprise, without a connected plan of operations, are scattered and driven through the different streets: they are completely demoralised. A whole company was seen to run

down the long street called Herrengasse, pursued by no more than six students. But the scene of the most serious conflict was the square "Am Hof." Here the War-office and the Guard-house are situated, opposite the Arsenal, defended by six pieces of cannon. Hither fled the dispersed military, hither the people pursued them. The last discharge of artillery takes place here; but here too the people throw themselves upon the cannon: in a moment they are captured, and the War-office taken by storm. The multitude, intoxicated with blood and the fumes of gunpowder, press with wild cries into the building: they find it empty: of all the generals, all the adjutants, all the guards, not one remains: they have all fled before the fury of the populace. But in the upper story the grey-headed Minister of War is discovered in a hiding-place: he had not been able to make use of the key which gave a communication with the neighbouring house,—he had mislaid it. At this moment there appears in front of the War-office a deputation from the Diet, which had assembled during the cannonade and had taken the

direction of affairs, as the Minister of the Interior Dobblhof, and the Minister of Justice Bach, had fled. The Deputation attempt to curb the unchained passions of the people: but the eloquent words of Borrosch and Goldmark meet with no listeners; they cannot command attention or respect. Count Latour is murdered almost before their eyes, his clothes torn in pieces, and distributed as reliques, his naked corpse suspended to a lamppost. The Deputies return without having effected their object. The Diet, in order to prevent greater mischief, resolves unanimously to send an address to the Emperor at Schönbrunn, in which they beg of his Majesty to grant a complete amnesty, to appoint a popular Ministry, and to recall the ordinance which threatens to excite a civil war in Hungary.

When the Deputation arrived with the address at Schönbrunn, they found troops 4000 strong drawn up for its protection. The Emperor received the Deputation graciously, promised to fulfill all the three demands of the Diet the next morning, and impressed upon the Deputies the necessity of doing all

in their power to prevent further effusion of blood. They returned full of the best hope.

In the city the conflict began anew about nine o'clock in the evening: a detachment of soldiers had thrown themselves into the Arsenal, where upwards of 50,000 muskets are kept, and fired from the windows upon the people, which now besieged this last stronghold of the military. On a sudden the gate of the Arsenal is opened, the people press forwards, they are met with a discharge of canister, and the grape brings the besiegers for a moment to a stand-still, during which the door is again closed. The murderous scene is several times repeated during this terrible night, until at last the people plant the captured guns on the bastion behind the Arsenal, and cannonade the building from the rear. This manœuvre attains the object: towards morning the Arsenal is evacuated by the soldiers; the people rush in and arm themselves; the democratic party is victorious over the military and the reaction.

But whilst the exulting cry of the people resounded through the streets, the startling news arrived that

the Emperor with all his family had left Schönbrunn escorted by the troops, and had revoked his imperial word. Consequently the triumph of the 6th of October was only the beginning of a civil war; for nobody could doubt that, as long as the proposals of the Diet were not accepted, the sword must avenge the deed of the 6th of October. But the Diet did doubt this: it still believed that the matter might be arranged, especially as the Minister Kraus did not leave Vienna,—as Pillersdorf the former Minister, and Count Stadion, in whom the Minister of the future was already expected, still retained their place in the Diet, although the Czechish members left it immediately on receiving the news of the Emperor's departure.

The Diet most certainly had taken no part in the *émeute*, but had not protested against it: on the contrary, by its address to the Emperor, it had taken the *émeute* under its protection; it had besought an amnesty for the insubordination of the Grenadiers, for the putting to death of Latour. In foolish overestimate of itself, it sent deputations after the run-

away Emperor, and neglected to take those measures which alone could save Vienna, as long as the Diet would not disavow the last revolution nor permit it to be punished. Without hindrance the demoralised troops drew together again, first in the garden of Prince Schwarzenberg's palace, then in the camp before Vienna: General Matauschek remained in Vienna, by permission of the Diet, to send off the military baggage and ammunition. The telegraph was allowed without hindrance to apprise Prince Windischgrätz of everything that took place in Vienna; and instead of sending the ill-armed Hungarian army, which was now close to the frontier, 10,000 or 20,000 superfluous muskets, the Municipal Council and Committee of Students would not even permit those muskets to be exported to Hungary which had been bought by the Hungarian Government in Belgium, and had been seized at the Customhouse in Vienna by the Austrian Ministry. There was a want of sense without compare. The Diet would neither condemn nor complete the Revolution; the people lost courage, as they saw that there was a

want of leaders; and the very men who on the 6th of October marched so careless of death against a shower of balls, no longer founded their hopes upon themselves but upon the Hungarians; these were to save Vienna.

(B.)

WHENEVER two territories are organically united to form one whole, collisions often happen between them, wounds are inflicted on their national vanity, and conflicts arise respecting their peculiar privileges. Similar occurrences very often took place between Hungary and Croatia, without having led to any serious disturbances of tranquillity. It was the system pursued by Metternich (who, failing to introduce absolutism into Hungary and Croatia, wished at least to weaken these constitutional parts of the monarchy, that they might serve as an object of terror, as a bugbear to the whole monarchy) that first gave an importance to these dissensions, and employed them as a lever

for further operations and increasing the confusion. As at Vienna every petty occasion for strife was carefully sought and fostered, as the parties were in turn purposely favoured and persecuted, and as every wound inflicted on national vanity was envenomed, a hatred on the part of the people in Croatia against Hungary was successfully fanned, which even after Metternich's fall the reactionary party was able to turn to good account.

If the Croatians were asked what then were their peculiar grievances, it was found that after all they complained of the overbearing conduct of the Hungarians, as they called it, of some speeches held in the Diet, and of the tone of the Pesth journals. But the Croatians wished also to be the centre of a larger empire; and since, in consequence of their inferiority in cultivation and in material wealth, they could only occupy a secondary place in Hungary, they loved to dream of a south Slavic empire, the centre of which should be formed by Croatia. But the German Press—the relations of which to Austria and to Metternich are well known, and which was always

averse to the Hungarians because they would not allow themselves to be Germanized,—spoke so long, in vague terms, of the oppression of Croatia by Hungary, that at last every one believed in it. But the statesmen of Hungary and Croatia were far too well aware of the state of things, and consequently made no attempt to deceive themselves mutually about it. When in July, 1848, Count Batthyany, Baron Jellachich, Baron Kulmer, and the Hungarian Secretary of State, Pulszky, held that meeting in which an attempt was made to compromise the differences between Hungary and Croatia, and when Count Batthyany in his open manner asked what were the grievances and the demands of the Croatians, Jellachich answered, "Between Croatia and Hungary there can be no peace, till the Hungarian Ministry of War and of Finances is done away with, and the army and the revenues of the country are placed under the immediate control of the Vienna Ministry." Batthyany observed that this could be no Croatian question, but an Austrian one, which, if it were to be seriously taken into consideration, must be treated

of in direct communication with the Austrian Ministry, not with Baron Jellachich with whom he could only attempt an arrangement concerning purely Croatian questions. Whereupon Jellachich answered with emphasis, "*Give way in regard to the Ministries: all besides is easily managed, and loses importance in comparison with this question:*" and Kulmer added, "Only let us manage, we will do everything to pacify Croatia, if the principal point is settled." A clear proof that all the so-called grievances of Croatia were considered trifling even by Jellachich and Kulmer. The amusing account of this interview in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," by M. Langsdorff, is well-written, but unfortunately wholly incorrect, and does more credit to the fancy of the writer than to his diplomatic talents.

(C.)

It has been made a matter of frequent and bitter reproach against the Hungarians, that they did not

come to the assistance of the Viennese, and only ventured a battle when all was already decided at Vienna. Auerbach is not sparing of his reproaches on this head. Let us then turn from the occurrences at Vienna to those beyond the Leitha.

When Jellachich on the 9th of September crossed the Save, he was firmly convinced that he should meet with no opposition in Hungary. He counted on the higher officers and the foreign regiments in the army, and the result showed that his expectations were not altogether deceitful. The Cuirassier regiment Hardegg went over to him; even the Hussars wavered, and the Hungarians have only to thank the resolution of some officers that the Hussar regiments did not remain neutral, in compliance with the wish of their General, Count Adam Teleki. At this crisis the Archduke Stephen placed himself with the consent of the Court at the head of the Hungarian army; the hesitating officers, who hardly knew what was the duty imposed by the military oath in this conflict, were encouraged and confirmed; while the eloquence of Kossuth brought the Landsturm by

tens of thousands to Stuhlweissenburg. The Archduke indeed was obliged, in consequence of higher orders, to leave the army at the end of a few days; but his presence had restored confidence to the regiments. Consequently when the first collision of the armies took place at Sukoró, on the 29th of September, Jellachich was received, contrary to his expectation, with a sharp cannonade. His loss was not great, but his army was completely demoralised by it. He requested an armistice for three days, and his request was foolishly complied with. He made use of it, contrary to his pledged word, to effectuate his retreat in all haste to Raab; and when pursued to this place by the Hussars and Landsturm, he pressed further onwards to Altenburg and Paarendorf, without the least consideration for the reserve under Generals Roth and Philippovich, which was thus placed between two fires and obliged to surrender at Ozora on the 5th of October. Intoxicated with victory the Hungarians received the news of the Revolution of the 6th of October, which now cut off the last resources from their enemy Jellachich. But when they ap-

proached the frontier of Austria, General Moga and the corps of officers declared that they had with joy repulsed the attack of Jellachich, that they had cleared the country of the enemy as far as the frontiers, but that they did not consider themselves justified in crossing the frontier and continuing the pursuit in the neighbouring country. Throughout it had been observed that Moga and the superior officers spared the army of Jellachich as much as possible; they hoped that all would be set right in a peaceable manner. Besides this, accounts were brought by some of the Hungarian Deputies describing in faithful colours the want of head that prevailed in Vienna and openly declaring they did not believe that, if an attack were made by the Hungarians, it would be supported by a sally of the armed population of the city. When in the meantime the orders of the Hungarian Diet arrived, to pursue Jellachich to utter annihilation, the Hungarian troops crossed the frontier. There they learned that the army of Jellachich had effected a complete junction with that of Auersperg. The officers in the Hungarian army

now declared that they could not attack Auersperg, who was not an enemy; and Pazmándy, the President of the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies at Pesth, who had just arrived in camp, confirmed them in this opinion,—the more so, as the Hungarian Diet, shaken by the accounts from Vienna, recalled its former resolution and gave the army orders to attack only in case it should be requested to do so by the Vienna Diet. The Hungarians consequently quitted the soil of Austria, and awaited further communications from Vienna: they also sent *parlementaires* to Auersperg, to know whether or no, by his junction with Jellachich, he assumed a hostile position with regard to Hungary. Auersperg answered evasively, and referred the Hungarians to the orders which both armies were expecting from Ollmütz.

During these transactions Pulszky had arrived from Pesth at Vienna, and declared to the Diet that the Hungarian army awaited an official invitation. The members of the Diet said, that they awaited the Hungarians, that they would go to

meet them with open arms, but that they could not desert the ground of legality, nor request *foreign* troops to march upon Vienna; moreover that the defence of the city was entrusted to the Municipal Council; that they, the Deputies, represented the monarchy, and not the capital. Pulszky turned to the Municipal Council; but the large majority of this body was black-yellow, and longed for nothing so much as the overthrow of the ruling party: still, in order not to lay itself open to attack, it referred Pulszky to the head-quarters of the National Guard. The head-quarters were not at all organized: Messenhauser had the chief command, but he did not trust the chiefs of districts; and even he would not write a formal invitation to the Hungarians. Not one of the three bodies was willing to compromise itself by a written answer, in case of an unfavourable termination of affairs. When Pulszky saw this want of counsel and this confusion, he scarcely doubted any longer as to the probable fate of Vienna. He wrote in consequence to the Committee of the Diet, advising that "the Diet

should try the path of mediation through the Archduke John;" by which was indirectly hinted, that it should not rely upon the appeal to arms. But the Diet, in its blindness, would not understand this hint; it continued to confirm the Viennese in their resistance by half-measures and declamatory resolutions, and at the same time to hinder the adoption of energetic and revolutionary measures.

Pulszky still waited for the arrival of Robert Blum, but when in a short conversation with him he convinced himself that Blum likewise participated in the false notions of the Diet, he lost all hope for Vienna, and went to the Hungarian army.

In Paarendorf, the head-quarters of the Hungarian army, there was great excitement: everywhere the question was debated, whether or no they should hasten to the aid of the Viennese: the majority of the officers was against marching into the Austrian territory. But at last the opposite opinion prevailed in the council of war: on the 21st the army once more crossed the frontier, but half the officers resigned: they would not fight against the Imperial

troops. Hardly had the Hungarian army, 15,000 to 20,000 strong, crossed the frontier, when they were brought first to a standstill, then to an immediate retreat, by two pieces of news. Tidings were brought from Pesth that Kossuth was marching to join them with an auxiliary corps of 10,000 men and thirty pieces of artillery; from the Imperial head-quarters came the proclamation of Prince Windischgrätz, to the effect that he was appointed Commander-in-chief of all the Imperial troops, and that he ordered all the staff-officers of the Hungarian army to present themselves and to await his orders. The officers refused indeed to obey this order immediately and unconditionally, but it was resolved to return to Paarendorf and to await Kossuth. He arrived on the 24th, with the troops which he had collected and armed in the greatest haste in Pesth and the country around, and with considerable masses of the Landsturm. On the 25th a review was held: on the 26th and 27th a council of war, in which Kossuth, supported only by Colonel Görgey and Major Pustelnik, against the opinion of all the other officers,

gave the order to enter Austria: again many officers resigned their commissions. On the 28th, as the army was slowly advancing towards Austria, the bombardment of Vienna was plainly heard; but the advance was not hastened; General Moga and his whole staff went unwillingly to the battle; and the more so, since a discussion on the plan of attack which was to have taken place at Eisenstadt, between General Bem and the Chief of the Hungarian army, for some inconceivable reason had never taken place. General Bem did not make his appearance; he had not received the invitation to this rendezvous, although it had been properly delivered to the chief of the Vienna National Guard.

At Schwechat there was a battle. The Hungarians took Mannswörth with the bayonet; they continued to gain ground from eight o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon, in spite of the murderous fire and the irresolution of their commanding general. But from Vienna no thunder of artillery resounded, no sally took place; the enemy threatened to outflank the Hungarians; General

Moga gave the signal to retreat: a feeling quivered through the Hungarians that they had come too late for Vienna.

(D.)

Lord Dudley Stuart has received the following letter from General Bem:—

"TO LORD DUDLEY COUTTS STUART, M.P.

"My Lord,—Many events have taken place since I quitted London. After a stay of two months in Paris, where I knocked at every door of the Government, and was answered only by vague observations, I returned to Galicia, my native country, to see into its actual state. There I perceived that the clemency of the Austrian Government was but feigned, and that it awaited only a favourable opportunity to crush again the new-born liberty and nationality of Poland. To come to a thorough knowledge of the state of things, and with a view to serve my country, I repaired to Vienna, where I arrived a few days after

the revolution, and after the departure of the Emperor—its result. Invited by the National Guard of Vienna, I accepted the command of that corps, which unfortunately never exceeded in number 10,000 men.

"However the chances seemed to be in our favour—the Hungarians had beaten and put to flight the Austrian troops, who sought for safety under the walls of Vienna. If the Hungarian army had then pursued them, we should have completely destroyed them, and might have then fallen upon the troops under Windischgrätz, and beaten them also; in which case it would have been easy for us to have brought back the Emperor from Ollmütz to Vienna. The matter would then have been settled, and the constitutional *régime* established. But the Hungarian army was commanded by men devoted to the Austrian *Camarilla*. The march of the army was retarded under various pretexts, and thus time was given to the Austrian forces to concentrate about Vienna, and to crush it before the attack had been made. It was only the day when Vienna, weakly defended by

the National Guards, fell under the murderous fire of the Austrian troops, that the Hungarian army advanced to Schwechat, four leagues from Vienna. The Austrians were enabled to bring up all their forces to repulse the Hungarians, who, having become at length aware of the treachery of their generals and superior officers, drove them away, and arrived, headed alone by young officers promoted to command on the spur of the occasion. Repulsed by the enemy, the Hungarian army recrossed the frontier and took up a position at Presburg. I was fortunate in being able to quit Vienna and to arrive in disguise at Presburg. Having offered myself to the Hungarian Government, the honour was conferred on me of commanding the army which was to reconquer Transylvania. Between 18,000 and 20,000 Austrian troops, with their generals, which the *Camarilla* had employed to kindle and keep alive a civil war, performed their task throughout that country, called to their aid the Russians, 10,000 of whom came from Wallachia, and occupied the frontier towns of Hermanstadt and Cronstadt. This

armed intervention of a foreign Power checked for a moment my progress. However, this state of things did not last long, and I was fortunate enough to beat both, to drive them entirely out of Transylvania, and to restore liberty to that unfortunate country. Such is the state of things at this moment.

* * * * * * *

"Please to accept, my Lord, the expression of my greatest esteem, and of my kindest consideration.

"BEM,

"General-in-Chief of the Hungarian Army in Transylvania.

"Mühlenbach, April 4."

THE END.

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